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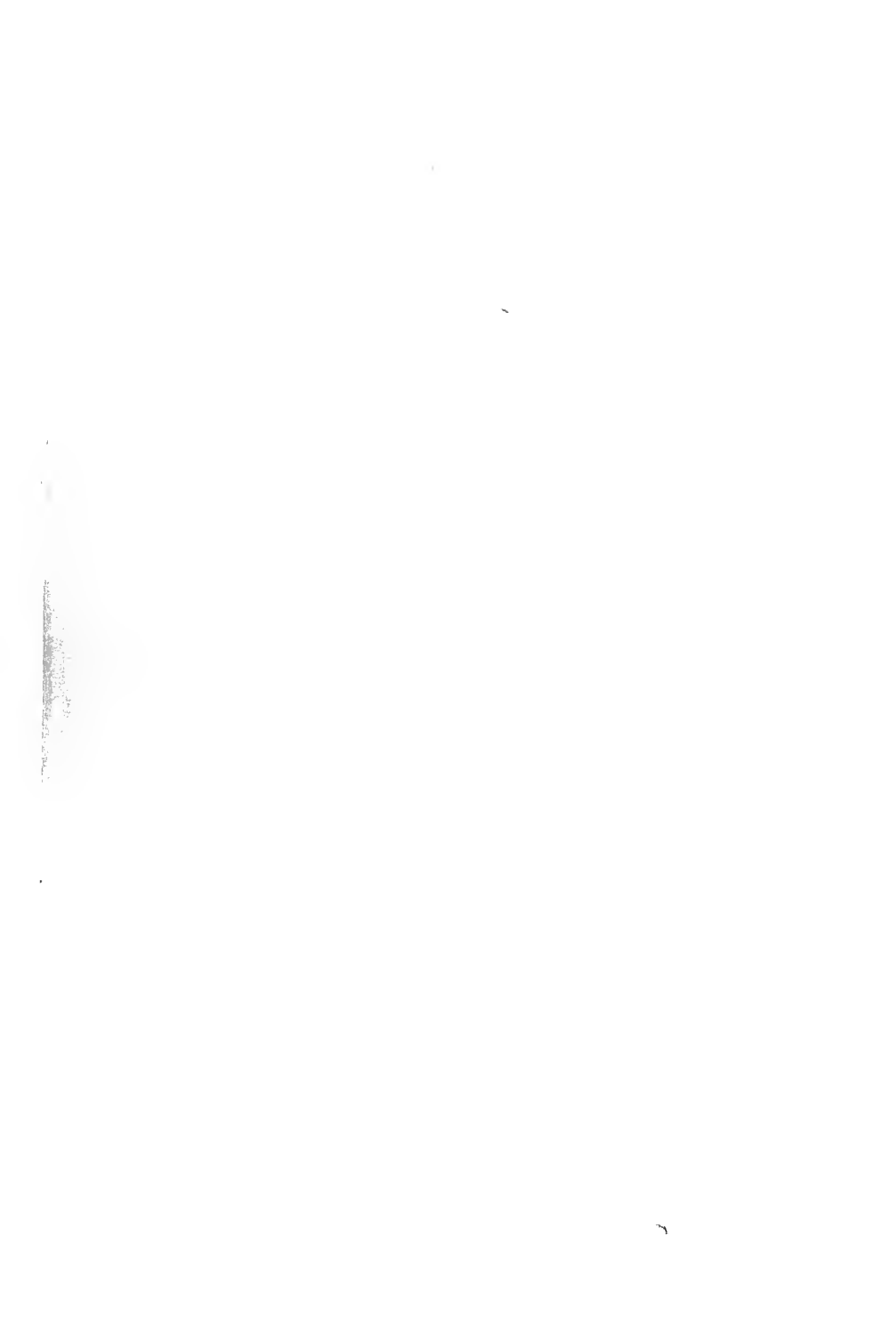
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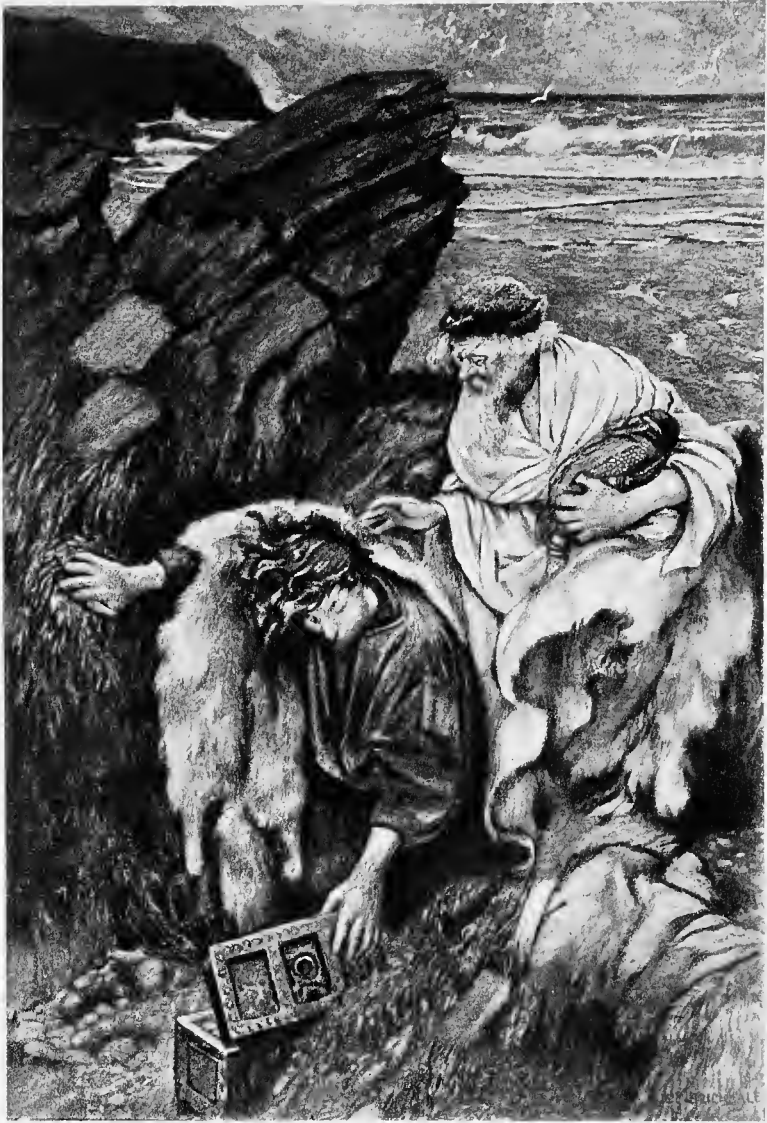
**THE WINTER'S TALE
THE TEMPEST**

VOLUME VIII

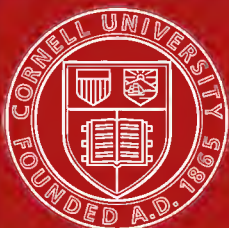
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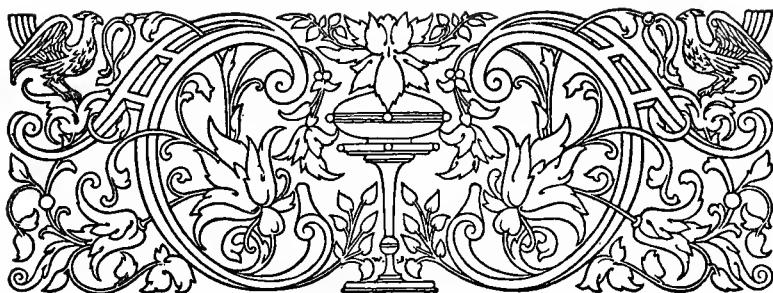


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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE

VOLUME VIII

THE WINTER'S TALE

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY JEAN JULES JUSSERAND
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE



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INTRODUCTION

I



A**F**TER a performance at one of the Southwark theatres, in the spring of 1611, a strange looking fellow, the strangest perhaps of all that were there, — shaggy bearded and shaggy haired, a man of queer learning and queer ignorance, a real doctor of Cambridge and an averred quack of London, a frequent inmate of the royal prisons, and the trusted adviser of the fairest ladies at court, — went home, took his book of memoranda, and wrote as follows:

“ In the Winters Talle at the Glob, 1611, the 15 of Maye, Wednesday. — Observe ther howe Lyontes, the Kinge of Cicillia, was overcom with jelosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia. . . . Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo . . . ”

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and how this, and how that . . . "Remember also the rog that cam in all tottered like Coll Pipci¹ . . . and after cam to the shep-sher with a pedlers packe, and ther cosoned them again of all their money. . . . Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawn-inge fellowse."

The title of these memoranda was, "The Bocke of Plaies and Notes therof per Formans for common pollicie."² Though believing in the stars and sure of his ability to read in them every one's destiny, the doctor did not disdain to observe also less exalted sights, and derive instruction from mere plays. For what there might be in them of art, poetry, sentiment, genius, he cared naught; but he duly recorded what lessons he could discover in them "for common pollicie," unaware that he would have little enough time to use in this world any kind of "pollicie," and that whatever the stars might have told him he would die four months later.

We must, however, be thankful to him for this the earliest allusion to "The Winter's Tale," and one of the very rare accounts of a play by Shakespeare from one who had seen it in its newness; for it was then, to all appearances, a new play. Every test applied to the prose and the poetry, the grammar and the prosody of the work, agrees with the inference to be drawn from the date of Forman's notes.³ This is surely one of

¹ An unidentified character.

² *E. g.* in Halliwell-Phillipps, "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," 10th ed., 1898, vol. II, p. 85. A portrait of Forman, showing his deep-wrinkled bushy face, is in the "Antiquarian Repertory," new ed., vol. II, p. 311. London, 1808, 4°.

³ There was no edition before the Folio of 1623, where the text is one of the

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the last productions of Shakespeare, the last, perhaps, with "The Tempest," entirely due to him; and it had the freshness of novelty when Dr. Forman went to hear it on the 15th of May, 1611, and learn the lesson that quacks should not be trusted.

For the last few years Shakespeare had been gradually loosening the ties which bound him to London and her theatres; he had begun in earnest the kind of life which he had constantly looked forward to: the life of a well-to-do citizen of his native place, who could be truly styled "Mr. William Shakespeare, of Stratford on Avon, Gent." In the same year, 1611, he had definitively settled in that beautiful house, "New Place," the finest in the town, purchased by him long before, and which was surrounded with gardens, one being an orchard planted by himself. His father had then been dead ten years, his mother three; but he still had his wife, his two married daughters, his beloved granddaughter Elizabeth, his sister Joan Hart, and two of his brothers. He himself had five years left before he was to die in that same New Place, and "Good Frend, for Jesus sake forbear," would be written on the slab in the church of the Holy Trinity, five years to be spent in peace and content, as an indulgent on-looker who had no longer to act. Emile Augier, towards the end of his career, after one last triumph, ceased to write; and to those who

best printed in the whole collection. Forman's mention of the play is the earliest on record; the allusions to it become somewhat numerous afterwards; twelve have been discovered for the period ending in 1693; only seven for "Coriolanus" and six for "Anthony and Cleopatra."

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besought him to take up his pen again, he used to say: "J'ai été assez longtemps sur les planches, j'ai le droit maintenant de m'asseoir au parterre." Shakespeare before him had thought and done likewise.

The great dramatist's last compositions, matured and written when he was already more "of Stratford" than of London, show the quieting influence of resumed country life and the equanimity of the sane mind preparing to leave men as a friend of men, and existence with gratitude for all it has brought of happiness, "remerçant son hôte," said La Fontaine.

Another characteristic of this last period in Shakespeare's life is an increased indifference as to the means he employs to please his audience, and as to facts and probabilities. He had never cared much whether any Bohemia had any sea-shore; he cared even less now. Far too much has been made of his anachronisms and geographical inaccuracies. Their widespread fame is mainly due to well-intentioned idolaters who, determined to find every science, precept and teaching in that other Bible, Shakespeare's Works, have volunteered in each case far-fetched explanations which have simply made the author's mistakes more conspicuous. One found that instead of Bohemia we should read Bithynia; another proposed to understand Styria, which was under Bohemian rule in 1270, but he does not go so far as to pretend that in 1270 people in trouble consulted the oracle at Delphi as in "The Winter's Tale." Lippmann suggests that the poet's Bohemia must have been Apulia, which Apulia may possibly have been called by some

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Bohemia, because at one time it belonged to the famous Norman crusader Bohemond, and was therefore "terra Bohemundi," and why not Bohemia?¹

Much better acknowledge common-sense evidence, the truth being that Shakespeare depicts real men in fancy countries, which he would have called Sardinia, Apulia, or anything, had he suspected there would ever be any one to care. Personally he was so far from caring that his one general rule in matters of geography, — a rule so easy and pleasant that he would never have opened a book or consulted a friend for fear of its suffering in the process, — his one general rule was that all distant towns are by the sea-side; and if they are not, they should be, and shall. The Rome, the Mantua, the Padua, the Verona, the Milan, the Florence of his stage are washed by the sea. His people go by sea from Padua to Pisa, from Verona to Milan, not forgetting to take advantage of "the tide," an unfrequent advantage, anyhow, in the Mediterranean. His Danish geography in "Hamlet," with the vast plain between the castle at

¹ In the "Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes," Aug. 19, 1863, J. Caro has pointed out that in a Polish chronicle (little enough known in England, we should think) Bohemia was described in 1383 as bordering on the Mediterranean, which chronicle he quotes as follows: "Anno quoque eodem Romæ in tota fere Ytalia, ac circa mare Mediterraneum in terris, que Moravia nuncupantur . . . pestilencia seviebat." A mere illusion, doubtless caused by a misplaced comma in the printed text, the real meaning of which is obviously that the plague raged round the Mediterranean and elsewhere, viz. Moravia, Pomerania, Bohemia, etc.: "Anno quoque eodem Rome in tota fere Ytalia ac circa mare Mediterraneum[,] in terris que Moravia nuncupantur, et in Pomorania inferiori ac in partibus Sandomiriensibus, Cracoviensibus, Bohemie, Slezie et Polonie per loca diversa magna pestilencia seviebat." "Anonymi archi-diaconi Gneznensis breviarum chronica Cracovie," in Sommersberg, "Silesicarum Rerum Scriptores," Leipzig, 1729 ff., vol. II, part II, p. 152.

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Elsinore and the harbour, is as fanciful as his Italian one elsewhere; some of his fellow players had visited Elsinore and might have told him, but he was careful not to ask.

Much less now in his later years would he pay attention to such details. In "The Winter's Tale" not only is Bohemia by the sea-shore, but Delphi is an island, — "fertile the isle," — and the action takes place at a period when people followed Apollo's oracles, detested him "that did betray the Best," invoked "the gods," burnt heretics, read printed ballads, laughed at Puritans, obeyed the daughter of the Emperor of Russia, and ordered statues from "that rare Italian master Julio Romano," who covered the stone "with oily painting," in the same fashion as Shakespeare's own bust was to be painted in Holy Trinity Church at Stratford. From what Shakespeare says there of Giulio Romano's genius, Elze concluded that so much accuracy would be inexplicable if the poet had not personally visited Mantua. If we accept this conclusion, we must accept also the belief that, at the time of Shakespeare's visit, Mantua was by the sea and north of Milan.

More important is this latter-day indifference of Shakespeare's as to an accurate joining of his story's several parts, the logical development of his characters, and the originality of the means to please he resorts to. A third Othello is depicted to us, expressing the same thoughts as before, a powerful picture, but a crude one in comparison with the first; apparent death is a source of wonder and emotion, and is so for the fourth

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time in a Shakespearean play. A mass of surprising events and contrasts are huddled together: steadfast love turned into sudden hate, a real death, a seeming death, a bear on the stage, a tempest, a peasants' feast with songs, dances, and flowers; court intrigues, a child exposed on a desert shore, miraculously saved, becoming a shepherdess, and turning out to be a princess; a shepherd who loves her and is a prince, sixteen years elapsing between one act and the next; a stone statue stepping down from its pedestal; all ending happily, as in a fairy tale, as in a "winter's tale."

Not one of these discrepancies, crudities or inconsistencies which has not been cleverly explained away by critics. Better explanations, less elaborate and more to the purpose, may be supplied, it seems, by a mere common-sense examination of the case. Not only were geographical, historical, and other inconsistencies of usual occurrence then, — Arcadia having a sea-shore too in Robert Greene, in John Lyly, and elsewhere; the Nile being counted one of the three great rivers of Europe by the learned Muret, — but Shakespeare took the trouble to inform us that what he was giving us was a "winter's tale." And though well-intentioned commentators have tried to show how truly wintry was the plot of the play, and others have suggested that it was so-called because it was performed in winter,¹ the fact is that a "winter's tale" meant a fancy story, an old woman's tale, its very unlikeli-

¹ ". . . The name of which is probably owing to its having been originally produced in the winter season." Halliwell-Phillips, "Outlines," 1896, vol. I, p. 230.

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ness being one of its charms. Says Marlowe's Jew of Malta:

"Now I remember those old women's words
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts."

Which tales were not bound to be gloomy, but only improbable: "A merry winter's tale would drive away the time trimly," says Peele's *Antic*.¹ On this very characteristic of improbability Shakespeare himself insists, beseeching, as it were, future commentators to spare their pains and not take too seriously what may happen in his kingdoms of dreamland; it is all a tale, a fancy tale, a series of wonders strung together, he does not tire of repeating: "Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad makers cannot be able to express it. . . . This newes . . . is so like an old tale that the veritie of it is in strong suspicion. . . . Like an old tale still . . .

"That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale."

We must neither "hoot" nor try to explain, for we have been informed by Shakespeare himself that he purposely offers us: a winter's tale.

But in this Bohemia which never existed, playing their part in events which could never have happened, Shakespeare has placed men and women, and he has pictured a

¹ "The Old Wives Tale," first printed, 1595. Works, Bullen, vol. I, p. 307.

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succession of scenes as real as any in the whole range of his works. That his genius was in no way impaired by age (he was only forty-seven) is shown again and again, in some sides of the character of Leontes, that very human combination of violence and weakness, a tyrant who foams at the mouth so great is his rage, and allows himself to be berated by a "dame Partlet," a Paulina; a morbid egotist who suffers as much at the thought of other people's "Hum's and Ha's" as from his supposed wounds: "Contempt and clamor will be my knell." Quite Shakespearean also, a true image of nature, the prattle of little Mamillius, studied perhaps from life in the talk of Shakespeare's little Elizabeth, the nobleness and dignity of tearless Hermione, and above all the incomparable scenes in shepherds' land, the best ones inspired to any artist by the peace and beauty of the English country. Sicily does not owe more to Theocritus than England to Shakespeare for these few scenes, in which shine that haunter of "wakes, fairs and bear baitings," immortal Autolycus with his tricks, his ballads, and his "merry heart" that "goes all day," the vagrant who uses every sort of means to live, except work, often described,¹ never

¹ Sometimes in very unexpected places, in Gower, for example, who in his newly recovered "Mirroure de l'Omme" describes:

Ceaux qui par faignte truandie
Quant sont à labourer puissant,
Se vont oiceus au beggerie;
Car mieux amont la soule mie (mere crumbs)
Ove l'aise q'est appartenant, . . .
Et du buisson l'erbergerie,
Que labourer pour leur vivant . . .

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so well; old convivial shepherds, unexperienced young clowns, fearless little Perdita, as perfect an emblem of spring as those very daffodils which "take" (bewitch) "the winds of March with beauty"; and Prince Florizel, too, as true to his love as any prince in fairyland, who, on the verge of disaster, exclaims:

"I am but sorry, not afeard! delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was I am . . .
. . . [not] for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide,
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd."

A lover belonging to fairyland, and to real life also, for such there be; and throughout those scenes real life has invaded the stage. Bohemia has receded into space, as far as the unknown region where the sea washes its rocky shores, and we are in Warwickshire, among the poet's life-long associations, in a landscape familiar to him, among the meadows displaying their "violets dim" and their "pale primroses," all the way between Stratford, where he was born, and Shrottery, where he courted his

L'oïceus jà se pourvoit du nient,
Mais qu'un jour vait et autre vient . . .
Ly grisilons en temps d'estée
Chante et tressalt aval le pré
Joliement en cell herbage;
Mais jà n'aguarde en sa pensée
Quant ce bell temps sera passé.

"Complete Works," ed. Macaulay, Oxford, 1899, vol. I, p. 70. Not more than any "grisilon" (cricket) did Autolycus think of hereafter: "For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it."

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wife that was to be, and Wilmcote, where his mother lived as a girl, and the Lucy manor, and the Clopton house, the whole play teeming with allusions to real life, and to fondly remembered, and sometimes ironically recalled, experiences of boyhood. "I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty," declares the steady-headed old shepherd, "or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between, but getting wenches with child, wronging the auncientry, stealing" (the deer at Charlecote?), "fighting . . ." We are far indeed from Bohemia, and the sheep-shearing feast is the very kind of feast that all England enjoyed in Elizabethan days, witness honest Tom Tusser and his doggerel rhyme:

"Wife make us a dinner, spare flesh neither corne,
Make wafers and cakes, for our sheepe must be shorne;
At sheepe shearing neighbours none other crave,
But good cheere and welcome like neighbours to have."¹

Tusser had obviously been entertained at such a feast at the time when the Shakespearean shepherd's "old wife liv'd . . . welcom'd all, serv'd all . . .

"her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it."

Shakespeare himself had paced the meadow when Perdita reigned, "mistress of the feast."

¹ "Huswiferie," 1580.

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II

While Ben Jonson was proud of inventing the plot, such as it was, of his dramas, Shakespeare took his from old plays, successful novels, familiar chronicles or histories. He never proposed to do what his friend intended to and publish his "Workes"; it was a matter of indifference to him that the contents of some hypothetical edition of them, if ever there were any, should more or less truly be called his. Far from inventing, he did not even look for new or little known subjects. The more familiar ones were, on the contrary, those he liked best; his public in most cases recognised old friends among the characters in his plays: and old friends they have indeed become for every man of culture, in every country, now and for all ages.

"The Winter's Tale" is no exception. Shakespeare's old rival, Robert Greene, the only man known to have spoken disparagingly of him, had published in 1588 a novel destined to have an extraordinary fortune. It was called "Pandosto, the Triumph of Time . . . Pleasant for age to avoyde drowsie thoughtes, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes . . . *Temporis filia Veritas.*" The title of most subsequent editions was the "Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia," from the names of the heroes (Shakespeare's Florizel and Perdita), a title under which the story was henceforth usually known. It proved one of the most successful books of the period; it had a quite unusual number of editions; it had had a new one in 1609, just before Shakespeare

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wrote his play. It was interspersed with strongly euphuistic speeches in which a king would advise his son to marry by the consideration that "the tree Alpya wasteth not with fire but withereth with the dew: that which love nourisheth not, perisheth with hate. . . ." But the son refused to take the tree Alpya into consideration and continued to love the girl Fawnia.

Shakespeare left out the euphuism which even in its heyday had never been to his taste, and took most of the rest, adding a few surprising events, such as the survival of Hermione, her appearing as a statue, the bear pursuing old Antigonus and devouring him behind the scenes, etc. In Greene the queen dies for good in the middle of the story. Perfectly indifferent to his model's geography, the dramatist changed by mere inadvertence his kings' places of abode, and allotted Sicily to the jealous one instead of Bohemia; but he left the latter where he found it, that is, by the sea-shore, and he allowed Delphi to continue an island: "the Isle of Delphos" Greene had said. He changed the names of all the personages, insignificant Mopsa excepted. Needless to say that there were other changes, of more import, and that they consisted in live men's replacing inanimate puppets. It will be enough to recall that in Greene the parts of Camillo and Autolycus were but one, and that the only suggestion from which the pedler's character was evolved by Shakespeare consisted in Greene's remark that Capnio was "a wylie fellow." The idea of the sheep-shearing feast is also in Greene, but nothing takes place there; it has almost no bearing on the story, and is briefly

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described as follows: "It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the Farmers daughters in Sycilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistress of the feast, who having attired her selfe in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting: there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds use."

Whence Greene derived the plot of his tale is not known for certain. J. Caro pointed out long ago resemblances between the English novel and some incidents told in Polish chronicles concerning "illustri princeps Semovitus," Duke of Masovia, in the fourteenth century, his beautiful wife unjustly suspected of adultery and strangled after she had given birth to a son; the sorrow of the repenting husband, and the rearing abroad of the child recognised at last by the Duke as his own.¹

But a much more likely source is a work as generally known in Elizabethan days as Polish chronicles were difficult of access, no less a work than "Le premier (etc.) livre de Amadis de Gaule, qui traicte de maintes adventures d'armes et d'amours . . . traduit nouvelle-

¹ "Et quia prefata nobilis Ducissa pregnans fuit, idcirco quousque pareret vitam ejus conservavit, que tandem postquam filium peperisset et aliquot septimanis vixisset, fuit per quosdam satellites de mandato ipsius Domini Ducis . . . jugulata, de quo tamen facto nephario dux multum doluit, et penitere quoad vixit non cessavit. . . . Puer vero . . . per quamdam pauperulam Dominam prope Rawam nutritus [erat]. . . ." "Anonymi archi-diacoui Gneznensis . . . chronica Cracovie," in "Silesicarum Rerum Scriptores adhuc inediti . . . Confecit opus F. W. de Sommersberg, eques Silesicus," Leipzig, 1729-32, 2 vols. fol. vol. II, part II, p. 125. See J. Caro's article in the "Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes," Aug. 19, 1863, and his account of another version of the same story (with more wonders in it, of which there is no trace in Greene), in "Englische Studien," 1879, vol. II, p. 166.

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ment d'espagnol en françoys par le seigneur des Essars, Nicolas de Herberay," and continued by others, Paris, 1540, ff. fol. To say nothing of English translations,¹ neither Greene nor Shakespeare could have had any difficulty in reading the French text. And that the story was known to them has been placed beyond doubt by Mr. C. Elliott Browne in his excellent "Notes on Shakespeare's Names."² Each of them borrowed a name, and each a different one, from the romance. Greene borrowed there the name of Garinter (Shakespeare's Mamillius), and Shakespeare that of Florizel (Greene's Dorastus). But much more passed from "Amadis" into the novel, and thence into the play, more than was pointed out by Mr. Browne, who seems to have limited his researches to Book IX, translated by Charles Colet and printed apart in 156[3].³ Book VIII well deserves to be studied in connection with our subject, it being remembered, besides, that not only are the facts similar in the novel and the romance, but that the tone and manner (with an abundance of speeches, dialogues, and monologues,

¹ "The Treasure of Amadis of Fraunce," translated by Thomas Paynel, London [1568]; "Amadis de Gaule," Bk. I, 1589, Bk. II, 1595, trans. by Anthony Munday, the rest appearing much later; Bks. II to XII were licensed in 1595, but it is not known whether such a translation was really published. See Underhill, "Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors," New York, 1899, pp. 380, 395.

² "Athenæum," July 22, 1876, ff.; on "Winter's Tale," July 29.

³ But it had appeared much earlier, in the general translation begun by Herberay, where it figured, with the same woodcuts, as "Le Neufiesme livre d'Amadis de Gaule, auquel sont contenuz les gestes de Dom Florisel de Niquée, surnommé le chevalier à la Bergère," 1553. The 1563 ed. has complimentary verses by Jodelle, Baif (in Greek), Olivier de Magny, etc. In a sonnet by Grujet, Florizel is placed by the side of Ronsard's Cassandre and Du Bellay's Olive.

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a conspicuous verbosity throughout) offer also striking resemblances.

In chapter 26 of Book VIII we see how the Princess Onolorie, being in prison, was secretly delivered of a daughter, "so beautiful that the mother herself was amazed at it, and kissing her more than once, with tears in her eyes, asked her to be wrapped in swaddling clothes and sheets, prepared long before, and which she had caused to be kept with her most valuable jewels." One of these jewels, a "collar of precious stones" ("a chayne about the necke . . . so riche jewels," in Greene) happened to be left with the clothes when the child was put in a basket and carried away by a servant whose wife was to be the child's nurse. The couple sail for Alexandria, fall into poverty, and live in the country as peasants with the little princess, called Silvia, now become a young girl, and supposed to be their daughter. She kept their sheep: "For necessity pressed so hard those poor people that they had to win their living by the sweat of their bodies and by the labour of their hands. The little one meanwhile was growing, and having reached about the age of eleven years became so handsome of face, figure, and countenance that any who saw her became attracted to her, and she looked so neat and pleasant with her plain shepherdess's cloak that several rich shepherds, struck by her beauty, asked her many times in marriage of her foster father and mother. But these, well knowing who she was, refused."¹

We find in Greene that the young princess's foster-

¹ Bk. IX, ch. 1.

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father "got a smal flocke of sheepe, which when Fawnia (for so they named the child) came to the age of ten yeres, he set her to keep . . . Diverse rich farmers sonnes came as woers to his house, for Fawnia was something clenly attired, beeing of such singular beautie and excellent witte, that whoso sawe her, would have thought shee had bene some heavenly nymph, and not a mortal creature."

Young Silvia in "Amadis" continues thus, repulsing the offers of sturdy Darinel, a rich peasant's son; she goes every day to the fields with her sheep, greatly suffering "from the cold," for in those days winters were as severe in Egypt as the sea was stormy in Bohemia. And, no less than Delphi, Colchos was an island.¹ One day, in the meadow where Silvia was keeping her "brebittes," there appeared the handsome young prince of dream-land, fairy-land, and shepherds' land, Florizel by name, in "Amadis" as in Shakespeare, "the prettiest prince in the world." He had heard, while on a hunting expedition, of Silvia's beauty; he comes, looks at her, and exclaims: "Ah! what pity Silvia be a peasant's daughter, tending her sheep, for her beauty alone deserves the greatest lord in all the world." He talks to her, and a charming woodcut represents the scene: Florizel at the feet of Silvia, who listens while spinning; the murmur of a fountain accompanies the prince's sweet words; Florizel's cousin Garinter watches the scene from behind a tree.

¹ "En l'isle de Colchos tant renommée par la conquête de la Toison d'or, s'estoit retiré le gentil Prince Falanges d'Astre, avec sa chère épouse ma dame Alastraxérée." Bk. XI, ch. 4.

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After just such a first interview, one day that he had been "hawking and kilde store of game," Greene's Dorastus sadly called to mind "that Fawnia was a shep-



FLORIZEL AND SILVIA, IN "AMADIS," 1553

heard, one not worthy to be looked at of a prince," and yet he could not doubt that she was "borne to be a shepheard, but worthy to be a Goddess."

Florizel fell thereupon "into such disquiet that he would neither eat nor drink, but only think of the means

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of attaining his ends.”¹ Equally sad was Dorastus: “Such was the incessant sorrow of Dorastus to thinke on the witte and beautie of Fawnia . . . then he began to loose his wonted appetite.”

Then Florizel remembers that Silvia had told him she would only marry one who, like herself, should be a shepherd. And Dorastus remembers that, when he had asked Fawnia, “Why then canst [thou] not love Dorastus?” she had answered, “Yes, when Dorastus becomes a shepherd.”

And Florizel secures accordingly a crook, a cloak, and a complete shepherd’s garb: “and had not walked long before he met Silvia, who, after they had saluted one another, was greatly astonished to see such a handsome shepherd,” and did not know who he was. And Dorastus too got on “shepherds robes, and taking a great hook in his hand . . . drew nigh to the place where Fawnia was keeping her sheepe.” And Fawnia, careful not to show more cleverness than Silvia, “casting her eye aside, and seeing such a manerly shepherd, perfectly limmed . . . began half to forget Dorastus.” Silvia luckily recognises her lover, which allows Fawnia to do the same.

This done, both couples part company. Extraordinary adventures befall the young people in “Amadis”; they travel together, they love and cease to love; Silvia marries Prince Anastarax and thus becomes Florizel’s aunt; Florizel follows a most wonderful career in the midst of enchantments, loves, and wars, unexpected happenings, and visits to strange lands. Dorastus’ fate was to be

¹ Bk. IX, Ch. 3.

THE WINTER'S TALE

even more extraordinary, for it was his fortune to be invited to Warwickshire, there to take part, under his re-assumed name of Florizel, in a feast the charm, the beauty, and the poetry of which will be to mankind "a joy for ever."

III

Dorastus, as such, had, however, other literary adventures; less momentous, to be sure, but yet worthy of note. Greene's novel had abroad a success then unique, and it made continental play-goers familiar with such events as Shakespeare's plays were built upon. At a time when the very name of the dramatist was absolutely unknown in France, when not a single literary work had ever been translated from English into French, it enjoyed that honour, and it stands first on the now immense list of works thus placed at the disposal of the French reading public.¹ One translation was not enough: it had three; and the story was, besides, twice put on the stage; so that, owing to Greene's popularity, two kinds of "Winter's Tale" were given before the Paris public, one at least of the two being performed at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* by none less than the "Comédiens du Roy."

The first translation was printed at Paris, "chez Guillaume Marette," in 1615, under the title of "*Histoire tragique de Pandosto roy de Bohême et de Bellaria sa femme. Ensemble les amours de Dorastus et de Faunia . . . enrichies de feintes, moralités, allégories, et telles*"

¹ Nash says that his "Pierce" had been translated, but no trace has ever been found of this work.

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autres diversités convenables au sujet. Le tout traduit premièrement en Anglois de la langue Bohême, et de nouveau mis en François par L. Regnault." There is a copy in the Arsenal Library, at Paris, but none in the National Library. The translation, which is not without merit for the time, in spite of a good many liberties taken with the text (some voluntary, others not), is dedicated to "très haute Princesse Madame Christine de Savoie, sœur du Roy." Regnault begs the princess "to excuse his boldness in laying at her feet this little story which he had translated from English into French." To the supposed "Bohemian" original there is no further allusion.

Eleven years later Greene's novel appeared again in French, under a new garb, the writer taking this time all sorts of liberties. The title was, "Le roman d'Albanie et de Sycile par le S^r du Bail gentil-homme Poict-[evin]. A Paris, chez Pierre Rocolet," 1626. It was dedicated to "Monsieur d'Almeras, seigneur de Saint-Remy . . . Contrerolleur général de Postes et relais de France," the Postmaster-General being addressed as follows: "Sir, the royal souls who sigh for love and sorrow in this Romance of Albania and Sicily, afraid of not being able to travel safely in France, implore your good will . . . feeling sure they cannot fail to perform happily their journey if placed under the protection of the one who superintends all journeying in this monarchy, the first of the world."

Thereupon follow tables of contents, verses in honour of the author, and a royal privilege, dated Jan. 5, 1626.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Some of the verses are by the then well-known dramatist Antoine Mareschal, who was shortly to draw a play, "La Cour Bergère," from Sidney's *Arcadia*. He is loud in praise of Du Bail:

A voir ce Berger et sa feinte,
Je pense ouyr une autre fois,
Parmy ses vaches dans les bois,
Apollon redire sa plainte.

That other Apollo Du Bail forthwith begins his "Romance of the two great kingdoms of Albania and Sicily." His work is rather an adaptation than a translation; he alters names and events, and is especially profuse in his additions of philosophical remarks, conspicuous by their innocuity and platitude. He was knowing enough to transform Bohemia into Albania in order to make sure of sea-shores, but inattentive enough to allow Delphi to continue an island,¹ with the aggravation that his royal messengers are there welcomed by "a druid." His sailors salute the land with the peals of their artillery, and his heroes are married in the Temple of Juno.

The best thing in Du Bail's book consists in the engravings. Each, according to ancient custom, represents several successive scenes: the well-known system of the old fresco painters, who would offer to view the crucifixion in the foreground and the whole journey to Calvary in the distance; the system also adopted on the stage when flourished in France what was called "simultaneous scenery."

¹ "Aussi tost qu'ils eurent haussé les voiles, le vent leur fut si favorable qu'ils abordèrent l'isle en fort peu de temps," p. 198.



EVENTS IN "WINTER'S TALE," FROM DU BAIL'S ADAPTATION OF GREENE'S NOVEL, 1626

THE WINTER'S TALE

In one of these plates, for example, we see, as the inscriptions show, "Bellaire" (Greene's Bellaria, Shakespeare's Hermione) giving birth to "Faunie," who is carried away by the Provost, himself dressed as a Roman soldier; "Bellaire" fainting, then dying, before the throne of "Pandoste"; the queen's funeral procession; "Faunie exposée à la mer"; "Porre" (Greene's shepherd Porrus) "qui trouve Faunie"; a shepherd and his sheep in the distance, and Porre's cottage. A narrow arm of the sea is shown dividing, in the centre of the engraving, the said "great kingdoms of Albania and Sicily."

Another plate depicts the first meeting of "Faunie" keeping her sheep, crook in hand, and "Doraste" just returned from hawking, a sport he had enjoyed, dressed in full military costume, with a Roman cuirass and high crested helmet. To the left is represented "Faunie enlevée par Doraste" and placed on board ship; and above the trees sheltering Faunie's sheep, the fugitives on their knees before the throne of "Pandoste."

Du Bail, who was a rather prolific author, and to whom we owe such works as "Les Courtisans généreux," 1637, "La Fille supposée," 1639, "Le fameux Chinois," 1641 (translated into English: "The famous Chinois, or the loves of several of the French nobility . . . with a key," 1669), had some success with his adaptation and, in any case, had the honour of numbering among his readers no less a person than the duc d'Enghien, the future grand Condé.¹ The work was not yet forgotten in the eigh-

¹ A voracious reader of such literature. On the 15th of April, 1641, P. Rocolet, "libraire ordinaire du Roi," supplies the young prince with eleven works, most



OTHER EVENTS, FROM DU BAIL'S ADAPTATION

THE WINTER'S TALE

teenth century, and the "Bibliothèque universelle des Romains"¹ describes it (April, 1779) at a time when Madame de La Fayette, Le Sage, Marivaux, Voltaire, and Rousseau had published their masterpieces, as "a novel that is not ridiculous and which deserves to be better known." It became, however, more and more unknown.

Greene's tale was for the third time adapted into French, in 1722, under the title of "Histoire de Pandolphe, roy de Bohême et de Cellaria sa femme, ensemble les amours de Doraste et de Faunia." The anonymous author follows the original (to which no allusion is made, and none either to any previous French version) much less closely than Regnault and much more so than Du Bail. The story is "enrichie de tailles douces," in which the heroes are modernised up to date. In the engravings for Du Bail's text the influence of the Renaissance and of the heroical *genre* was felt, and the personages wore Roman costumes; they now have French ones, and we see a "Pandolphe," a "reine Cellaria," and a little "Garrintes," going to that sea-shore, still the pride of Bohemia, and welcoming the king of Sicily: all of them in embroidered doublets or gowns, flowing wigs, feathered hats, and all the ornaments of contemporary court dress.

of them romances, among which, besides the "Histoire de Henri VII de Bacon," figure Scudéry's "Illustre Bassa," D'Urfé's "Astrée," and Du Bail's "Roman d'Albanie," published, as we know, by the same Rocolet. Chérot "Le Grand Condé," Lille, 1896, p. 103.

¹ "Ouvrage périodique dans lequel on donne l'analyse raisonnée des romans anciens et modernes," by Voyer d'Argenson and le comte de Tressan, 112 vols. Du Bail's romance had been reissued in 1628; but this was not a new edition, and only the date was changed.



PANDOLPHE, CELLARIA, AND LITTLE GARINTES WELCOME EGISTE
TO BOHEMIA, 1722

THE WINTER'S TALE

Twice before this, with the same story as their distant original, French dramatists had, like Shakespeare, drawn a play, a "winter's tale" of their own, from Greene's novel. One was the prolific predecessor of Corneille, Alexander Hardy; the other was the "historiographer of France," Puget de La Serre, the author of a "Thomas Morus" and several other plays admired by many, but derided by Boileau.¹ His "Pandoste ou la Princesse mal-heureuse, tragédie en prose, divisée en deux journées," was printed at Paris in 1631, and again at Lyons in 1632. All our friends are there: Pandoste and the "Royne Belaire son espouse," Doraste and Faunie. The style of their speeches is not the same as in Greene, but it is as elaborate, as flowery and full of high sentiments. Pandoste is, if anything, a worse tyrant, and Bellaire a meeker wife. The king's "rant" at the beginning of the play recalls the speeches of King Herod.² La Serre in his preface bitterly complains of envious critics and plagiarists; his works rest now where no one will trouble their peace.

Hardy's play is lost, but what has survived of it is of more value than, most probably, the text would have been; namely, the sketches made by the stage decorator

¹ Quand un des campagnards relevant sa moustache,
Et son feutre à grands poils ombragé d'un panache,
Impose à tous silence et d'un ton de docteur,
Morbleu ! dit-il, La Serre est un charmant auteur !

Satire III (Le Repas ridicule).

² "Ne suis-je pas heureux de ne sçavoir que souhaiter ? Il n'est point d'objet dans les grandeurs qui puisse tenter mon ambition, et les plus doux plaisirs qui se goustent icy bas, sont les mets ordinaires de ma table."

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Mahelot for the scenery used in the performance.¹ As in La Serre's case, the play was divided into two "days" or "journées." The unity of place was not yet an acknowledged rule of the French stage, but the machinery was too rude (except, as in England, at court) to allow of scene shiftings. Recourse had therefore to be had to simultaneous scenery, "décor simultané." The various localities where the events took place were painted together on canvas, and the actors stood opposite the appropriate piece of painting to deliver their speeches. We thus have in Mahelot's sketches what he describes in the explanatory notes accompanying them, in which notes the few properties or pieces of furniture necessary for the performance are also enumerated. They read as follows:

"Pandoste, 1st day, a play by Mr. Hardy.

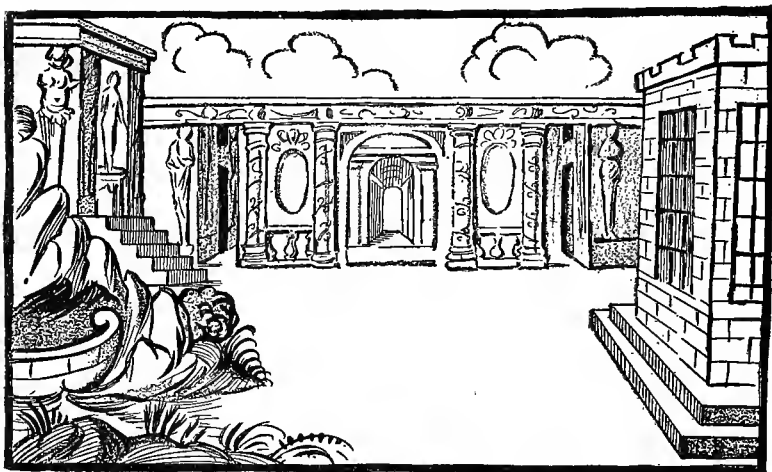
"In the centre of the theatre there must be a fine palace; on one side a large prison where one can be entirely seen; on the other side a temple; below, the prow of a ship, a low sea, reeds and steps; a chafing dish, a ewer, a chaplet of flowers, a flask of wine, a cornet of incense, a thunder, some flames; at the fourth act there must be provided a child; also two candlesticks and some trumpets.

¹ The MS., in two parts, is preserved at the National Library, Paris (MS. Fr. 24330); the part by Mahelot is entitled: "Mémoire pour la décoration des pièces qui se représentent par les commédiens du Roy, entretenus de sa Magesté," *i. e.* at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Hardy's play seems to have been performed before La Serre wrote his. Mahelot also gives notes or sketches or both for plays by Gombault, Scudéry, Rotrou, a "Pirame et Thisbée" of Théophile, "La Méliete de M. de Corneille," etc. Cf. my "Shakespeare in France," pp. xiii, xiv, 41, 71, 75.

THE WINTER'S TALE

"Pandoste, 2d day. There must be two palaces, a peasant's house, and a wood."

Amid such plain scenery, not plainer surely than that in use at the Globe, was the French Winter's Tale performed "par les Comédiens du Roy," some fifteen



SCENERY FOR HARDY'S DRAMATISATION OF GREENE'S "DORASTUS AND FAUNIA," 1ST DAY.

years after Shakespeare had given his to the "King's Servants" in London.

IV

Florizel and Dorastus continued, meanwhile, to enjoy in England brilliant fortunes, Dorastus especially at first; but Florizel's were longer lived. The interest

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elicited by Greene's novel was indeed extraordinary; edition succeeded edition, and all sorts of remodellings testified to its success. Drummond of Hawthornden mentioned it among the books read by him in 1606. It was still read and reprinted in the eighteenth century,



SCENERY FOR HARDY'S DRAMATISATION OF GREENE'S "DORASTUS AND FAUNIA," 2D DAY.

as "The pleasant and delightful history of Dorastus and Fawnia, 1703, Price 6^d," with a treble woodcut on the title-page; it was abridged for readers in a hurry; it was turned into a chap-book, to be hawked about by the Autolyces of the period.¹ It was paraphrased in

¹ See, for example, "The pleasant and delightful history of Dorastus Prince of Sicily," London, ab. 1750, 12^o, with a "Catalogue of chapmen's books" prefixed to it.

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verse by Francis Sabie ("The Fisherman's Tale," 1595), and made again the subject of a poem by "S. S. Gent." under the title of "Fortune's Tennis ball, or the most excellent History of Dorastus and Fawnia, rendered in delightful English verse, and worthy the perusal of all sorts of people."¹ And any "sorts of people" who may happen to read the book nowadays are first offered this "delightful" invocation:

Inspire me gentle love and jealousie,
Give me thy passion and thy extasie,
While to a pleasant ayr I strik the strings,
Singing the fates of lovers and of kings.

Florizel's fate underwent also many changes. Shown on the public stage, as we have seen, in 1611, he was called to court, and his story was represented before the great of the land in 1613, 1623, 1633; we gather from the notes of Sir H. Herbert that, on this last occasion, it was certainly "likt" (liked).² But as classical tastes were on the increase, some very severe judgments were, shortly after, passed by the highest authorities on Shakespeare's drama. Dryden described "The Winter's Tale," "Love's Labour's Lost," and "Measure for Measure" as plays "so meanly written that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment."³ Pope named together "Love's Labour's Lost,"

¹ Several editions; the earliest is of uncertain date; others in 1640 and (the one followed here) 1672.

² "Centurie of Prayse," "New Shakspeare Soc.," 1879, pp. 103, 157.

³ "Defence of the Epilogue of the 2d part of the Conquest of Granada," 1672, "Essays," ed. Ker. Oxford, 1900, vol. I, p. 167.

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“*Winter’s Tale*,” and “*Titus Andronicus*,” and stated, obviously as an excuse for the author, that probably in each of the three only “some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages were of his hand.”¹ Walpole was glad that the play allowed him to show his perspicacity, for while “not one of [Shakespeare’s] numerous criticks and commentators [had] discovered the drift” of the play, he alone had found it out. It is a drama to be “ranked among the historical plays of Shakespeare.” Leontes offers a lifelike portrait of “Henry VIII, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions”; and the whole “was certainly intended, in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn.” But if it pleased her at all, it must have been in her grave, for she had been dead seven or eight years when Shakespeare wrote his supposed “compliment.”

More sensible than most was the verdict of French Abbé Prévost, who, as early as 1738, classed “*The Winter’s Tale*” among those plays the subject of which Shakespeare adopted such as he found it in any old book, but where “there is almost nothing in all that concerns the workings of passion and the expressions of sentiments that cannot be justified; and on all sides shine beauties beyond praise.”²

In Garrick’s hands the play underwent great change. Shakespeare was Garrick’s god, but a god whom he took under his protection. He was too friendly a worshipper

¹ Preface to “*The Works of Mr. William Shakespear*,” 1725.

² “*Le Pour et Contre*,” vol. XIV, pp. 32, 33.

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to allow his deity to appear before the public in his original uncouthness, and he gave improved versions of the dramatist's plays: one was called the "Fairies," and it was "Midsummer Night's Dream" in disguise; another was called "Florizel and Perdita," and it was "The Winter's Tale" shortened of two acts, the whole taking place in Bohemia, where a lucky shipwreck brought Leontes; all that had happened before Perdita was sixteen being made known to us by confidences imparted to a professional confidant. None the less does Garrick triumphantly vouch in his prologue that:

'T is my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man.

Bishop Warburton, the friend of Pope, and, in a way, as he thought, the friend of Shakespeare too, was rapturous over Garrick's kind deed: "Besides your giving an elegant form to a monstrous composition, you have in your own additions, written up to the best scenes in this play . . . you have done what we preachers are commonly thought unable to do — mend ourselves while we mend others."¹ "Florizel," originally performed in 1756, says the "Companion to the Play-house," met "with very good success," as did also "a very compleat and entertaining farce, called 'The Sheepshearing,'" drawn from the same original by M. Morgan.

But from America, as yet an English land, was to come the severest censor of "The Winter's Tale." If we compare, wrote, in 1753, Mrs. Lennox of New York

¹ June 12, 1758, "Private Correspondence of David Garrick," 1831, vol. I, p. 88.

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(daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor), Shakespeare's play "with the paltry story on which it is founded, we shall find the original much less absurd and ridiculous." In other words, Greene's work was paltry, to be sure, but not so much by far as Shakespeare's.

Against Mrs. Lennox's censure more than one protested; among them Johann Joachim Eschenburg, whose remonstrances were translated from German into French, and introduced into that complete version of Shakespeare's works by Le Tourneur, which proved the main vehicle in those days of Shakespeare's fame on the Continent.¹

Critics might wrangle as much as they pleased; the reading public and the play-going public kept a fondness for "The Winter's Tale." The drama offered actors, on the other hand, many occasions to shine, and it was therefore popular with the best among them. After Garrick, those famous tragedians, Kemble, Kean, Macready, would appear in it. Kean had all the costumes copied from Greek vases; he tried (a bold attempt) to place before "the eyes of the spectator *tableaux vivants* of the private and public life of the ancient Greeks," and dressed Antigonus as Priam, from a vase in the Vatican Museum. He had also a "Pyrrhic Dance" performed at the beginning of the play to cheer Leontes, his queen, and their guest from Bohemia.²

¹ In vol. XIX, 1783, of "Shakespeare traduit de l'Anglois, dédié au Roi," Eschenburg pointed out the (very slight) resemblance between the fates of Pastorella in Spenser and Perdita in Shakespeare, but wisely discarded all idea of an imitation.

² "Winter's Tale," Furness's Variorum ed., p. 414.

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Famous actresses, too, vied in their zeal to be seen as Hermione or Perdita. Mrs. Siddons was famous as Hermione, a part which she first undertook in 1802, and which nearly cost her her life, as on one occasion the dress she wore as a statue took fire. Miss Helen Faucit, later Lady Martin, played the same part (Macready being Leontes) with so much effect that once, as she was descending from the pedestal, "the audience simultaneously rose from their seats, as if drawn out of them by surprise and reverential awe at the presence of one who bore more of heaven than of earth about her."¹ In more recent days, to make fair (very fair) amends for Mrs. Lennox's strictures, America sent forth the California actress Mary Anderson, who succeeded in playing both the parts of Hermione and Perdita with so much art that one hundred and sixty-four nights at the Lyceum in 1888 did not exhaust her success.² Never, probably, had a more beautiful statue been seen on the stage, and rarely is one seen in museums. The play had not been performed since then in London; but it has just been brought out again, with great success, Charles Warner playing Leontes, Miss Violet Tree, Perdita, and a famous actress who had been seen fifty years before as

¹ "Winter's Tale," Furness's Variorum ed., p. 391.

² In almost each case a differently remodelled text was used. See, *e. g.*, "Shakespeare's Winter's Tale . . . with alterations by J. P. Kemble . . . published as it is acted," London, 1802 "Shakespeare's play of the Winter's Tale, arranged for representation . . . by C. Kean," London [1856]; "The Winter's Tale . . . as arranged by Miss M. Anderson," London [1888]. Besides appearing in complete translations, "The Winter's Tale" was translated apart in a number of languages: German (by C. Abel, Berlin, 1854), French (by Le Chevalier de Chatelain, 1875), Danish (by Holst "E Vintereventyr," 1868), Polish (by Ehrenberg, Cracow, 1871).

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Mamillius, in the days of Charles Kean, Miss Ellen Terry, as Hermione.¹

Better amends than even Miss Anderson's performance were made by America for the remark of that chance New Yorker, Mrs. Lennox: the play appeared in 1898 as Vol. XI of Mr. Furness's "New Variorum edition," the grandest monument raised by any single admirer to the glory of him who could tell a tale so softly that "yond crickets shall not hear it," so sweetly that posterity shall listen to it for ever.

J. J. JUSSERAND.

¹ See an account of the performance in the "Athenæum," of Sept. 8, 1906: "During recent years 'The Winter's Tale' has sprung into consideration with Shakespeare worshippers. . . . Deafening applause attended the whole, which may count among the most imaginative and poetical of Mr. Tree's revivals."

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.

MAMILLIUS, young prince of Sicilia.

CAMILLO,

ANTIGONUS, } Four Lords of Sicilia.

CLEOMENES, }

DION, }

POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.

FLORIZEL, prince of Bohemia.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.

Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

Clown, his son.

AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

A Mariner.

A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.

PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.

EMILIA, a lady attending on Hermione.

MOPSA, } Shepherdesses.

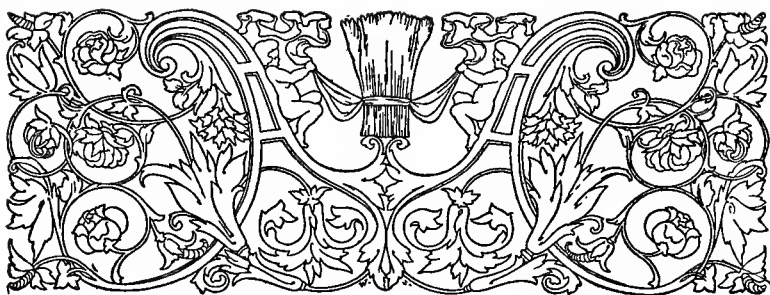
DORCAS, }

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and
Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bohemia*

¹ "The Winter's Tale" was printed for the first time in the First Folio of 1623. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes, and at the end of the piece a list of "The names of the actors" (*i. e.* "dramatis personæ"), was supplied. A notice of the "Scene" was given first by Rowe.



ACT I—SCENE I
ANTECHAMBER IN LEONTES' PALACE

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS

ARCHIDAMUS



IF YOU SHALL CHANCE, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

CAM. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed —

CAM. Beseech you, —

10

6 *Bohemia*] the King of Bohemia. Cf. line 20 *infra*, and I, ii, 334.

8-9 *Wherein . . . loves*] In so far as our entertainment shall discredit us through inefficiency, we will make up the defect with our love.

ARCH. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

CAM. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

ARCH. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAM. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves! 20

ARCH. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

CAM. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him:

20 *Sicilia . . . Bohemia*] The King of Sicilia . . . the king of Bohemia.
Cf. line 6 *supra*.

26 *royally attorneyed*] done royally by attorney or deputy.

28 *vast*] Thus the First Folio. The Second and later Folios substitute *vast sea*. But "vast" is used by itself as a noun in that sense. Cf. *Pericles*, III, i, 1: "Thou god of this great *vast*."

SCENE II THE WINTER'S TALE

it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

ARCH. Would they else be content to die?

CAM. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they ⁴⁰ should desire to live.

ARCH. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II—A ROOM OF STATE IN THE SAME

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES,
CAMILLO, and Attendants

POL. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one "We thank you," many thousands moe
That go before it.

LEON. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that's to-morrow. ¹⁰

36 *physics the subject*] makes healthy or cheerful the people subject to him, acts as a cordial to the nation.

1 *Nine changes of the watery star*] Nine lunar months. The watery star is the moon, which governs the tides. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, i, 118: "the moist star."

10 *when you part*] when you depart.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
"This is put forth too truly:" besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

LEON. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

POL. No longer stay.

LEON. One seven-night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEON. We 'll part the time between 's, then: and in
that

I 'll no gainsaying.

POL. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world, ²⁰
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

LEON. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

HER. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure ³⁰
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction

12-14 *that may blow . . . truly*] may it be that no nipping winds may
blow at home to make me say "This fear of ill has too good cause."

18 *part the time*] split the difference as to the time.

31-33 *this satisfaction . . . ward*] this satisfactory news was announced

The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

LEON. Well said, Hermione.

HER. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

40

POL. No, madam.

HER. Nay, but you will?

POL. I may not, verily.

HER. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,

yesterday. If you say this to him, he is deprived of his best excuse for going.

41-42 *let him there . . . parting*] hinder himself or stay there a month beyond the scheduled time prearranged for his departure. "Gest," a French word, literally meaning "a lodging," was applied to a schedule of lodgings or a time-table of stoppages appointed for a royal journey.

42 *good deed*] indeed.

43 *a jar o' the clock*] a tick of the clock.

44 *What lady she*] "She" is redundant and adds emphasis to "what lady," *i. e.*, "whatever lady." Cf. *Rich. III*, III, vii, 236: "For God he knows."

47 *limber*] flexible, untrustworthy, unstable.

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's "Verily" 's 50
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread "Verily,"
One of them you shall be.

POL. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

HER. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you 60
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

POL. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

HER. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

POL. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed

48 *unsphere the stars*] The phrase belongs to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, which assumed that the stars were each enclosed in a hollow sphere of crystal.

62 *lordings*] a familiar diminutive of "lords." Cf. *Pass. Pilg.*, 211: "It was a *lording's* daughter."

68 *what we changed*] the talk we exchanged.

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd 70
 That any did. Had we pursued that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
 Boldly "not guilty;" the imposition clear'd
 Hereditary ours.

HER. By this we gather
 You have tripp'd since.

POL. O my most sacred lady!
 Temptations have since then been born to 's: for
 In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
 Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
 Of my young play-fellow.

HER. Grace to boot! 80
 Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
 Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;
 The offences we have made you do we'll answer,
 If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
 You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
 With any but with us.

LEON. Is he won yet?

HER. He'll stay, my lord.

LEON. At my request he would not.
 Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
 To better purpose.

70 *doctrine*] here used as a trisyllable.

74-75 *the imposition clear'd Hereditary ours*] the imposition or stain of original sin, which was ours by heredity, being by our innocence cleared away, altogether removed.

80 *Grace to boot!*] Pray grace come to our aid!

HER. Never?

LEON. Never, but once.

HER. What! have I twice said well? when was 't before? 90

I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:

My last good deed was to entreat his stay:

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose: when? 100

Nay, let me have 't; I long.

LEON. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
"I am yours for ever."

HER. 'T is Grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

The other for some while a friend.

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

96 *heat an acre*] run a heat or course of an acre's length, "acre" being used as a lineal measure, equivalent to a furlong.

to the goal] to the point.

104 *clap*] close the bargain (by clapping hands); acknowledge (thyself my love).

105 *'T is Grace indeed*] Cf. line 99, *supra*, "O, would her name were *Grace*."

LEON. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
 I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances; 110
 But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
 May a free face put on, derive a liberty
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
 And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
 But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
 As now they are, and making practised smiles,
 As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 't were
 The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
 Art thou my boy?

MAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. I' fecks! 120
 Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
 They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
 We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
 And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf

112 *May a free face put on*] May have an aspect of innocence. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, ii, 236: "We that have *free* souls."

113 *fertile bosom*] spontaneous exuberance, impulsiveness.

118 *mort o' the deer*] probably the long-drawn sigh of the dying deer. Although "mort," the French word for death, is technically applied to the musical flourish on the horn which announced in the hunting field the death of the deer, it seems unlikely that Leontes should liken the sighs of secret lovers to the blast of a horn.

120 *I' fecks*] a colloquial diminutive of "In faith," "I' faith-kins."

121 *bawcock*] a colloquial term of endearment, from the French "beau coq," "a fine fellow."

124-125 *steer . . . heifer . . . calf . . . neat*] horned cattle were generically known as "neat." The allusion is to the horns which were popularly assigned to husbands of faithless wives.

Are all call'd neat.— Still virginalling
 Upon his palm! — How now, you wanton calf!
 Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEON. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that
 I have,

To be full like me: yet they say we are
 Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
 That will say any thing: but were they false
 As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
 As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
 To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
 Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
 Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam? — may 't be? —
 Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:

130

125 *virginalling*] fingering the musical instrument called the virginal.

128 *a rough pash . . . have*] a rough head and the horns that shoot from it as I have. The rare word "pash" for "head" seems to be Scottish.

131-132 *false . . . as waters*] Cf. *Othello*, V, ii, 137: "She was *false as water*."

o'er-dyed blacks] stuffs falsely dyed black over their former (light) colour, for purposes of mourning. Cf. Massinger's *Old Law*, II, 1: "*blacks* [*i. e.*, mourning clothes] are often such dissembling mourners."

134 *bound*] boundary, distinguishing mark. The reference is to one who makes no distinction between his property and mine, a thief.

136 *welkin eye*] blue eye, eye of the colour of the welkin or sky.

137 *my collop*] piece of my flesh.

Can thy dam?] Can thy mother (be unchaste)?

138-146 *Affection . . . of my brows*] In these abrupt and disjointed sentences Leontes describes confusedly the disorderly workings of lust ("affection"). The mental connection between the various ejacu-

Thou dost make possible things not so held,
 Communicatest with dreams; — how can this be? — 140
 With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing: then 't is very credent
 Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
 And that beyond commission, and I find it,
 And that to the infection of my brains
 And hardening of my brows.

POL. What means Sicilia?

HER. He something seems unsettled.

POL. How, my lord!
 What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

HER. You look
 As if you held a brow of much distraction:
 Are you moved, my lord?

LEON. No, in good earnest. 150
 How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime

lations is not easy to define. Some such paraphrase as the following expresses the general meaning; Lust, in its intensity, pierces the very centre or root of Nature; it makes possible things that are reckoned impossible; it holds communion with dreams; it co-operates with unrealities; it makes companion of nothingness. Yet, moreover, it is quite credible that it should ally itself with actual substance. Indeed that is just what it does, and does beyond all warrant. I find that mode of lust's activity now poisoning my brain, and hardening my brows for horns to sprout from.

147-148 *How, my lord! . . . brother*] In the Folios this speech is given to Leontes. Hanmer's assignment of it to Polixenes seems to improve the context, though Leontes' claim to it has been defended on the ground that he asks a dissembling counter question by way of diverting attention from his real state of mind.

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
 Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend, 160
 Will you take eggs for money?

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEON. You will! why, happy man be's dole! My
 brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours?

POL. If at home, sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
 He makes a July's day short as December;
 And with his varying childness cures in me 170
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEON. So stands this squire
 Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,

160 *squash*] unripe peascod. Cf. *Tw. Night*, I, v, 148, 149: "Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a *squash* is before 't is a *peascod*."

161 *take eggs for money*] a proverbial phrase for allowing oneself tamely to be duped.

170 *childness*] childishness, way of childhood.

171-172 *So stands . . . with me*] My young squire fulfils like offices in regard to myself.

And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
 How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
 Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
 Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.

HER. If you would seek us,
 We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you there?

LEON. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
 found,

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now, 180
 Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*

Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!

Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been, 191

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

177 *Apparent*] Next-of-kin, as in "heir-apparent." Cf. Fr. "apparenté."

183 *neb*] The word usually means a bird's bill or beak. Here it refers to Hermione's mouth.

185 *allowing*] lawful.

186 *a fork'd one*] another allusion to the cuckold's brow forked with horns. Cf. *Othello*, III, iii, 280: "this *forked* plague."

189 *contempt and clamour*] shouts of derision.

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
 That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
 Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
 As mine, against their will. Should all despair
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none; 200
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,
 From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,
 No barricado for a belly; know 't;
 It will let in and out the enemy
 With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's
 Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

MAM. I am like you, they say.

LEON. Why, that 's some comfort.

What, Camillo there?

CAM. Ay, my good lord. 210

LEON. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.

[Exit Mamillius.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
 When you cast out, it still came home.

194 *sluiced*] commonly used of drawing off water from, or emptying, a pond.

196 *Sir Smile*] Cf. *Pericles*, I, ii, 44, *Signior Sooth*.

201-202 *It is . . . predominant*] Lust is likened to a planet which, according to astrology, strikes or infects all over whose birth it exercises dominating influence.

208 *they say*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First omits *they*.

214 *it still came home*] the anchor continually refused to hold.

LEON. Didst note it?

CAM. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

LEON. Didst perceive it?

[*Aside*] They 're here with me already; whispering,
rounding

" Sicilia is a so-forth: " 't is far gone,
When I shall gust it last. — How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

CAM. At the good queen's entreaty. 220

LEON. At the queen's be 't: " good " should be per-
tinent;

But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

217 *They're here . . . rounding*] People already realise my disgrace;
they already see the horns on my head; they are whispering,
muttering.

219 *I shall gust it last*] I shall be the last to taste or find it out. Cf. Juve-
nal, *Sat.*, X, 342: "dedecus ille domus sciet *ultimus*."

222 *taken*] apprehended.

224–225 *thy conceit . . . blocks*] thy intelligence absorbs or assimilates
more than ordinary dull heads.

226–227 *by some severals . . . extraordinary*] by some individuals of more
than ordinary intellect.

227 *lower messes*] persons of lower degree, dining at messes set at the
lower end of a dining hall.

228 *purblind*] Here in the original sense of "wholly blind."

CAM. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

LEON. Ha!

CAM. Stays here longer. 230

LEON. Ay, but why?

CAM. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

LEON. Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived 240
In that which seems so.

CAM. Be it forbid, my lord!

LEON. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.

CAM. My gracious lord,

242 *To bide upon 't*] To dwell upon this point.

244 *hoxes*] a variant of the more common "hough" or "hock," "to hamstring," "to cut the sinews."

248 *a game play'd home . . . drawn*] a game played in all seriousness, the large stake won (by a fellow-player).

I may be negligent, foolish and fearful; 250
 In every one of these no man is free,
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Among the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out 260
 Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
 Is never free of. But, beseech your Grace,
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,
 'T is none of mine.

LEON. Ha' not you seen, Camillo, —
 But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn, — or heard, —
 For to a vision so apparent rumour 270
 Cannot be mute, — or thought, — for cogitation
 Resides not in that man that does not think, —

254 *puts forth*] appears, shows up.

256 *industriously*] on purpose, like the Latin *de industria*.

260-261 *Whereof the execution . . . non-performance*] the act, performance of which was so absolutely necessary that the call (to action) forbade neglect.

268 *eye-glass*] glasslike cover of the eye, the visual organ.

272 *think*] This is the reading of all the Folios, though the Second Folio

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
 Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
 My wife 's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.

CAM. I would not be a stander-by to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 280
 My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this; which to reiterate were sin
 As deep as that, though true.

LEON. Is whispering nothing?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh? — a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty; — horsing foot on foot?
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift? 290
 Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
 Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
 That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
 Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
 The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;

has been wrongly credited by many commentators with the reading
think it. There is no need for any change.

276 *hobby-horse*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *Holy-Horse*.

"Hobby-horse" is often applied to a woman of light character.

280 *clouded so*] blackened so.

284 *though true*] even granting the accusation of sin were well founded.

291 *pin and web*] cataract of the eye. Cf. *Lear*, III, iv, 115: "he gives
the web and the pin."

My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAM. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.

LEON. Say it be, 't is true.

CAM. No, no, my lord.

LEON. It is; you lie, you lie: 300
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

CAM. Who does infect her?

LEON. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes 310
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer, — whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd, — mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

302 *a hovering temporizer*] a wavering opportunist.

316 *bespice a cup*] Cf. Chapman, *Homer's Odysseys*, X, 386, 387: "[she will] *spice* thy bread With flowery *poisons*."

CAM. Sir, my lord,
 I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
 But with a lingering dram, that should not work 320
 Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
 So sovereignly being honourable.
 I have loved thee, —

LEON. Make that thy question, and go rot!
 Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
 To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
 Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
 Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son, 330
 Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
 Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
 Could man so blench?

CAM. I must believe you, sir:
 I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
 Provided that, when he 's removed, your highness
 Will take again your queen as yours at first,

323 *So sovereignly being honourable*] Being so supremely honourable.

324 *Make that thy question*] Raise doubt about this matter.

326 *To appoint myself in this vexation*] To make this trouble my business.
 "Appoint" is frequently found in the sense of "settle" or "arrange,"
 (a matter of business). Hence the modern "appointment," *i. e.*, fixed
 arrangement.

333 *Could man so blench*] Could one shrink to such a degree from just
 behaviour?

334 *fetch off Bohemia*] make away with, murder, the King of Bohemia; cf.
 I, i, 6, *supra*.

Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

LEON. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down: 340
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

CAM. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

LEON. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

CAM. I'll do 't, my lord. 349

LEON. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.
[Exit.

CAM. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one, 360
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must

337-338 *sealing . . . tongues*] silencing slanderous tongues.

Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES

POL. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

CAM. Hail, most royal sir!

POL. What is the news i' the court?

CAM. None rare, my lord.

POL. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him 370
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

CAM. I dare not know, my lord.

POL. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare
not?

Be intelligent to me: 't is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo, 380
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror

375 *That changes thus his manners*] Leontes had clearly broken his promise to Camillo to treat Polixenes with every appearance of friendship (see ll. 339-345, *supra*); his feelings prove too strong for any evasion.

378 *Be intelligent*] Give intelligence.

What incidency thou dost guess of harm
 Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
 Which way to be prevented, if to be;
 If not, how best to bear it.

CAM. Sir, I will tell you;
 Since I am charged in honour and by him
 That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
 Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
 I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me 410
 Cry lost, and so good night!

POL. On, good Camillo.

CAM. I am appointed him to murder you.

POL. By whom, Camillo?

CAM. By the king.

POL. For what?

CAM. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
 As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
 To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
 Forbiddenly.

POL. O then, my best blood turn
 To an infected jelly, and my name
 Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
 Turn then my freshest reputation to 420
 A savour that may strike the dullest nostril

403 *incidency*] contingency or likelihood. "Incident" is similarly used for
 "contingent" in *Tim. of Ath.*, V, i, 198: "with other *incident* throes."

412 *him to murder you*] the man to murder you.

416 *To vice*] To screw. Cf. *Tw. Night*, V, i, 116, 117: "I partly know
 the instrument That *screws* me from my place in your favour."

419 *his that . . . Best*] Judas Iscariot. Excommunicated persons were
 formally condemned to "have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."

Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
 Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
 That e'er was heard or read!

CAM. Swear his thought over
 By each particular star in heaven and
 By all their influences, you may as well
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
 As or by oath remove or counsel shake
 The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
 Is piled upon his faith, and will continue 430
 The standing of his body.

POL. How should this grow?

CAM. I know not: but I am sure 't is safer to
 Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.
 If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
 That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
 Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
 Your followers I will whisper to the business;
 And will by twos and threes at several posterns,
 Clear them o' the city. For myself, I 'll put 440
 My fortunes to your service, which are here
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer

424 *Swear his thought over*] Swear his belief down; overcome his opinion
 by swearing oaths as numerous as the stars.

430 *piled upon his faith*] set on the basis of his fixed belief.

435 *this trunk*] this body of mine. The quibble is continued in the
 expression *impawn'd* (i. e., "in pledge") in the next line.

Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

POL. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:

Be pilot to me and thy places shall

Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and

My people did expect my hence departure

450

Two days ago. This jealousy

Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,

Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,

Must it be violent; and as he does conceive

He is dishonour'd by a man which ever

Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must

In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;

460

I will respect thee as a father if

Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

CAM. It is in mine authority to command

The keys of all the posterns: please your highness

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

448-449 *thy places shall . . . mine*] thy preferments or offices of honour shall be next to mine.

456 *Profess'd*] Made honourable professions.

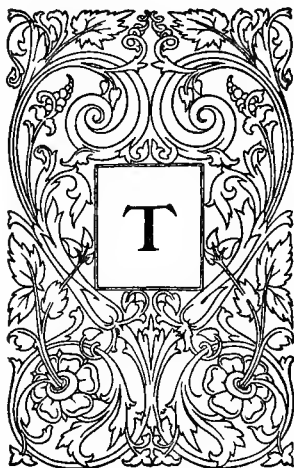
458-460 *Good expedition . . . suspicion!*] A safe and quick journey befriend me and comfort the queen, who is theme of half his thoughts, but is no object for his ill-justified suspicions.



ACT II—SCENE I
A ROOM IN LEONTES' PALACE

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies

HERMIONE



TAKE THE BOY TO YOU:
he so troubles me,
'T is past enduring.

FIRST LADY. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

MAM. No, I'll none of you.

FIRST LADY. Why, my sweet lord?

MAM. You'll kiss me hard,
and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

SEC. LADY. And why so, my lord?

MAM. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

SEC. LADY. Who taught you this?

MAM. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

FIRST LADY. Blue, my lord.

MAM. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

FIRST LADY. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.

SEC. LADY. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her! 20

HER. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir,
now

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

MAM. Merry or sad shall 't be?

HER. As merry as you will.

MAM. A sad tale's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

HER. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

MAM. There was a man —

HER. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

MAM. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly; 30
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

HER. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, with ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others

LEON. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

FIRST LORD. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

LEON. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart, 40
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I 50
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

FIRST LORD. By his great authority;

38 *Alack, . . . knowledge*] Alas, would that my knowledge were less.

48 *All's true that is mistrusted*] All that I suspected is true.

51 *a pinch'd thing*] a shrunk, shrivelled thing, a nonentity.

Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

LEON. I know 't too well.

Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

HER. What is this? sport?

LEON. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about
her;

Away with him! and let her sport herself 60
With that she 's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

HER. But I 'ld say he had not,
And I 'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

LEON. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say " she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
" 'T is pity she 's not honest, honourable: "
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight 70
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,

64 *lean to the nayward*] incline to the denial of it.

71 *these petty brands*] these little stigmas. The figure is pursued at line 73,
where *calumny* is credited with *searing*, i. e., branding with hot irons,
virtue itself.

When you have said "she's goodly," come between
 Ere you can say "she's honest:" but be't known,
 From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
 She's an adulteress.

HER. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
 Do but mistake. 80

LEON. You have mistook, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
 Should a like language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out
 Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
 She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
 More, she's a traitor and Camillo is 90
 A federary with her; and one that knows,
 What she should shame to know herself
 But with her most vile principal, that she's
 A bed-swerger, even as bad as those
 That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
 To this their late escape.

HER. No, by my life,
 Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,

79 *replenish'd*] Cf. *Rich.* III, IV, iii, 18: "The most replenished [*i. e.*, complete] sweet work of nature."

83 *a creature . . . place*] a person of your rank.

90 *federary*] a confederate or accomplice. Cf. *Cymb.*, III, ii, 21: "Art thou a *feodary* for this act?"

When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
 You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
 You scarce can right me throughly then to say
 You did mistake.

LEON. No; if I mistake 100
 In those foundations which I build upon,
 The centre is not big enough to bear
 A school-boy's top. Away with her, to prison!
 He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
 But that he speaks.

HER. There's some ill planet reigns:
 I must be patient till the heavens look
 With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
 Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
 Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have 110
 That honourable grief lodged here which burns
 Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
 The king's will be perform'd!

LEON. Shall I be heard?

HER. Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your
 highness,
 My women may be with me; for you see

102 *The centre*] The centre of the universe, the earth, according to the old system of astronomy.

104-105 *is afar off . . . speaks*] is guilty in a remote degree in the mere fact of his speaking for her.

107 *aspect*] An astrological term, denoting the appearance of the planets. See note on *As You Like It*, IV, iii, 53.

My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
 There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
 Has deserved prison, then abound in tears 120
 As I come out: this action I now go on
 Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
 I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
 I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

LEON. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*]

FIRST LORD. Beseech your highness, call the queen
 again.

ANT. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
 Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
 Yourself, your-queen, your son.

FIRST LORD. For her, my lord,
 I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir, 130
 Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
 I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
 In this which you accuse her.

ANT. If it prove
 She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where

121-122 *this action . . . grace*] what I am now about to do or experience is for my good. Cf. *Much Ado*, I, i, 259: "When you went onward on this ended action."

134-136 *I'll keep my stables where . . . trust her*] This passage, the interpretation of which has been much disputed, is probably no more than an emphatic declaration, that if Hermione be proved unchaste, then the speaker will never allow his wife to be out of his sight. He will have his eye on her, even when he is engaged in hunting or riding. His horses shall be stabled wherever she may be dwelling. He and she will go about like hounds coupled together.

I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
 Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
 For every inch of woman in the world,
 Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
 If she be.

LEON. Hold your peaces.

FIRST LORD. Good my lord, —

ANT. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves: 140
 You are abused, and by some putter-on
 That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
 I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
 I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
 The second and the third, nine, and some five;
 If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
 I 'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
 To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
 And I had rather glib myself than they
 Should not produce fair issue.

LEON. Cease; no more. 150

You smell this business with a sense as cold
 As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
 As you feel doing thus; and see withal
 The instruments that feel.

141 *You are abused, etc.*] You are deceived, and by some instigator or plotter.

143 *land-damn*] abuse with rancour; damn through the land. The form "landam" is reported to be familiar, in this sense, in the dialect of the Cotswolds and in some parts of Yorkshire.

149 *glib*] geld; another dialect word, common in the north of England in the form "lib."

153-154 *As you feel . . . instruments that feel*] Apparently Leontes here

Added to their familiarity,
 Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
 That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
 But only seeing, all other circumstances
 Made up to the deed, — doth push on this proceeding: 180
 Yet, for a greater confirmation,
 For in an act of this importance 't were
 Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle
 They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
 Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

FIRST LORD. Well done, my lord.

LEON. Though I am satisfied and need no more 190
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
 Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
 Whose ignorant credulity will not
 Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
 From our free person she should be confined,
 Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;

176 *touch'd*] stirred or inspired.

177 *approbation*] positive proof.

182 *wild*, . . . *in post*] rash, impetuous, . . . in great haste.

185 *stuff'd sufficiency*] ample ability. Cf. *Much Ado*, I, i, 47, 48: "*stuffed* with all honourable virtues."

187 *stop or spur me*] withhold me or press me forward. Cf. *Cymb.*, I, vi, 97-98: "discover to me What both you *spur and stop*."

195 *the two fled hence*] Polixenes and Camillo, whom Leontes suspects of a plot against his life and crown. See line 45, *supra*.

We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

ANT. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—A PRISON

Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman, and Attendants

PAUL. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*]

Good lady,

No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not?

GAOL. For a worthy lady
And one who much I honour.

PAUL. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

GAOL. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.

PAUL. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from 10
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

198 *raise us all*] rouse, stir up everybody. Cf. *M. Wives*, V, v, 197, "I'll raise all Windsor."

GAOL. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAUL. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*]

GAOL. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

PAUL. Well, be 't so, prithe. [*Exit Gaoler.*]
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

20

EMIL. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

PAUL. A boy?

EMIL. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

PAUL. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them! ³⁰

19-20 *a stain As passes colouring*] a stain that outdoes all painting.

30 *lunes*] fits of madness. Cotgrave, *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, gives the entry "*lune; folie,*" and quotes the still common French phrase "*les femmes ont les lunes dans la tête.*" The word is more commonly found in another and quite independent sense. In the sport of hawking "*lunes*" was

He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
 Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
 If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
 And never to my red-look'd anger be
 The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
 Commend my best obedience to the queen:
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,
 I 'll show 't the king and undertake to be
 Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
 How he may soften at the sight o' the child: 40
 The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades when speaking fails.

EMIL. Most worthy madam,
 Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
 That your free undertaking cannot miss
 A thriving issue: there is no lady living
 So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
 To visit the next room, I 'll presently
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
 Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 50
 Lest she should be denied.

PAUL. Tell her, Emilia,

technically applied to small thongs of leather which confined the hawk's talons.

41-42] For the thought, cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, I, ii, 175-177: "in her youth There is a prone and *speechless dialect*, Such as *move men*."

44 *free undertaking*] freely offered undertaking.

49 *hammer'd of*] considered, forged (in the mind). Cf. *Two Gent.*, I, iii, 18: "Whereon . . . I have been *hammering*."

I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

EMIL. Now be you blest for it!

I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

GAOL. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the
babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

PAUL. You need not fear it, sir:

This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

60

GAOL. I do believe it.

PAUL. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—A ROOM IN LEONTES' PALACE

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Servants

LEON. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being, — part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king

4 *harlot*] a term of abuse used of men as well as of women. Cf. *Com. of Errors*, V, i, 205: "she with *harlots* feasted."

Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
 And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
 I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
 Might come to me again. Who's there?

FIRST SERV.

My lord?

LEON. How does the boy?

FIRST SERV. He took good rest to-night; ¹⁰
 'T is hoped his sickness is discharged.

LEON. To see his nobleness!
 Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
 He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
 Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
 Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
 And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
 See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of
 him:

The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
 And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
 Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
 Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
 They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
 Shall she within my power.

20

5-6 *blank And level*] mark and aim; technical terms of archery and
 gunnery. Cf. III, ii, 79, *infra*, "the level of your dreams."

11 *discharged*] dispelled.

18 *no thought of him*] Leontes by a characteristically abrupt transition
 here refers to Polixenes.

Enter PAULINA, with a child

FIRST LORD. You must not enter.

PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

ANT. That's enough. 30

SEC. SERV. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded

None should come at him.

PAUL. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

LEON. What noise there, ho?

PAUL. No noise, my lord; but needful conference 40
About some gossips for your highness.

LEON. How!

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

ANT. I told her so, my lord,

30 *More free*] *sc.* from taint.

41 *gossips*] sponsors or godparents of the new-born babe.

But first I 'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

LEON.

Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

PAUL.

Not so:

I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

70

LEON.

Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

PAUL.

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

LEON.

He dreads his wife.

67 *mankind*] virago or termagant, used adjectivally. Cf. *Cor.*, IV, ii, 16
(of Volumnia): "Are you *mankind*?"

68 *intelligencing*] acting as go-between.

74 *woman-tired*] henpecked. In falconry "to tire" is to "peck" or tear
with the beak.

75 *dame Partlet*] a colloquial name for a hen; apparently first so applied
in the popular story of "Reynard the Fox."

78 *by that forced baseness*] under that false appellation of bastardy, which
Leontes has just uttered (line 75).

PAUL. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt ⁸⁰
You 'ld call your children yours.

LEON. A nest of traitors!

ANT. I am none, by this good light.

PAUL. Nor I; nor any
But one that 's here, and that 's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not, —
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't, — once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

LEON. A callat 90
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

PAUL. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter

82 *by this good light*] in this full light of day.

86 *Whose sting . . . sword's*] Cf. *Cymb.*, III, iv, 31-32: "slander;
Whose edge *is sharper than the sword.*"

90 *callat*] Cf. *2 Hen.* VI, I, iii, 81, "Contemtuously base-born *callat*
[i. e., trull] as she is," and Burns's *The Jolly Beggars*, "Here's our
ragged brats and *callets.*"

96 *the old proverb*] "The better the worser" (of a good deed productive
of evil consequences).

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley, 100
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

LEON. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANT. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself 110
Hardly one subject.

LEON. Once more, take her hence.
PAUL. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

LEON. I 'll ha' thee burnt.
PAUL. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen —
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy — something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEON. On your allegiance, 120
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,

106 *yellow*] the colour of jealousy.

SCENE III THE WINTER'S TALE

Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
 If she did know me one. Away with her!

PAUL. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
 Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her
 A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
 You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
 Will never do him good, not one of you.
 So, so: farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

LEON. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. 130
 My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast
 A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
 And see it instantly consumed with fire;
 Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
 Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
 And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
 With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
 The bastard brains with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire; 140
 For thou set'st on thy wife.

ANT. I did not, sir:
 These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
 Can clear me in 't.

LORDS. We can: my royal liege,
 He is not guilty of her coming hither.

LEON. You're liars all.

FIRST LORD. Beseech your highness, give us better
 credit:
 We have always truly served you; and beseech you

142 *fellows*] colleagues.

So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
 As recompense of our dear services
 Past and to come, that you do change this purpose, 150
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

LEON. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
 Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father? better burn it now
 Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
 It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
 You that have been so tenderly officious
 With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
 To save this bastard's life, — for 't is a bastard, 160
 So sure as this beard's grey, — what will you adventure
 To save this brat's life?

ANT. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose: at least thus much:
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
 To save the innocent: any thing possible.

LEON. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANT. I will, my lord.

LEON. Mark and perform it: seest thou? for the fail
 Of any point in 't shall not only be 170
 Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,

149 *dear*] devoted.

161 *this beard's*] This is the Folio reading, which has been variously
 changed to *his* and *thy*. The reference is clearly to Antigonus's
 beard, at which Leontes may be supposed to point his finger.

Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
 Without more mercy, to it own protection
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
 On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
 That thou commend it strangely to some place
 Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

180

ANT. I swear to do this, though a present death
 Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
 To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
 Casting their savageness aside have done
 Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
 In more than this deed does require! And blessing
 Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! 190
[Exit with the child.]

LEON. No, I'll not rear
 Another's issue.

Enter a Servant

SERV. Please your highness, posts
 From those you sent to the oracle are come

181 *commend it strangely*] commit it as a stranger. "Commended" is similarly used for "committed," III, ii, 166, and IV, iv, 369, *infra*.

191 *condemn'd to loss*] In Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580, "loss" is defined "hurt," properly things cast out of a shippe in time of a tempest." Cf. III, iii, 50-51, *infra*: "thus exposed To loss."

An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

FIRST LORD. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

LEON. Twenty three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords; 200
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

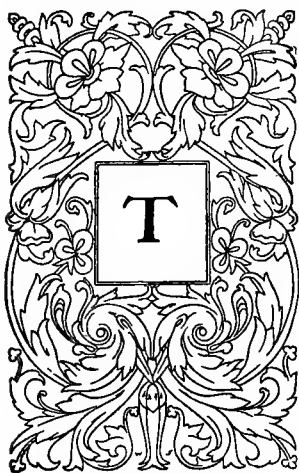


ACT III — SCENE I

A SEA-PORT IN SICILIA

Enter CLEOMENES and DION

CLEOMENES



THE CLIMATE'S DELI-
cate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much
surpassing
The common praise it bears.

DION. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celes-
tial habits,
Methinks I so should term them,
and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the
sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and
unearthly

It was i' the offering!

CLEO.

But of all, the burst

2 *the isle*] Apollo's oracle was at Delphi in Phocis, on the mainland of Greece. But Greene in his novel of *Pandosto*, on which Shake-

And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, 10
That I was nothing.

DION. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen, — O be 't so! —
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

CLEO. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

DION. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II—A COURT OF JUSTICE

Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers

LEON. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,

speare based his play, carelessly located it in the isle of Delphos, and Shakespeare adopted the error.

Even to the guilt or the purgation.

Produce the prisoner.

OFF. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen

Appear in person here in court. Silence!

10

Enter HERMIONE guarded; PAULINA and Ladies attending

LEON. Read the indictment.

OFF. [*reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

HER. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scare boot me
To say "not guilty:" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make

20

7 *Even to the guilt or the purgation*] Whether it lead to conviction or acquittal.

10 *Silence!*] In the Folios this is printed in italics, like a stage direction. But it would seem to be the fitting exclamation of the officer of the court.

16-17 *pretence . . . laid open*] See Greene's "Novel": "their pretence [*i. e., design*] being partly spied."

False accusation blush, and tyranny
 Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know, 30
 Who least will seem to do so, my past life
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though devised
 And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
 To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it 40
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
 'T is a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
 The bound of honour, or in act or will
 That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts 50
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry fie upon my grave!

LEON.

I ne'er heard yet

36-37 *owe A moiety*] own a share.

41 *which I would spare*] which I would willingly be rid of.

47-48 *With what . . . thus*] With what unwarrantable familiarity of intercourse have I so exceeded bounds as to be condemned to figure as defendant in this kind of suit.

52-55 *I ne'er . . . first*] Cf. Greene's "Novel": "As for her, it was her

That any of these bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did
 Than to perform it first.

HER. That 's true enough;
 Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON. You will not own it.

HER. More than mistress of
 Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
 With whom I am accused, I do confess 60
 I loved him as in honour he required,
 With such a kind of love as might become
 A lady like me, with a love even such,
 So and no other, as yourself commanded:
 Which not to have done I think had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude
 To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
 I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd 70
 For me to try how: all I know of it
 Is that Camillo was an honest man;
 And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact [cf. line 83, *infra*], since shee had passed all shame in committing the fault."

57-59 *More than mistress of . . . acknowledge*] It is not for me in any way to admit more knowledge of the grounds of the imputation made against me than I learn from the terms of the charge.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

HER. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.

LEON. Your actions are my dreams; 80
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame, —
Those of your fact are so, — so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, — which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it, — so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

HER. Sir, spare your threats: 90
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,

79 *in the level of*] within the range of, at the mercy of. Cf. II, iii, 6, *supra*.

83 *Those of your fact*] See note on lines 52–55, *supra*, for a quotation from Greene's "Novel," where "fact" is used in the present sense of "criminal action."

84 *Which to deny . . . avails*] The denial of which has mere academic interest, and lacks practical weight. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, V, i, 411: "Which, *though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.*"

88 *easiest passage*] mildest sentence.

90 *bug*] bugbear. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, I, ii, 207: "fear boys with *bugs*."

91 *commodity*] profit, advantage.

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder: myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred 100
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
 But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
 I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
 Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else 110
 But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
 'T is rigour and not law. Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle:
 Apollo be my judge!

FIRST LORD. This your request
 Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

HER. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
 O that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see

104 *strength of limit*] strength to go to such a limit, so far.

The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes 120
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION

OFF. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

CLEO. DION. All this we swear.

LEON. Break up the seals and read. 129

OFF. [*reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless;
Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent
babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if
that which is lost be not found.

LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HER. Praised!

LEON. Hast thou read truth?

OFF. Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down.

LEON. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant

SERV. My lord the king, the king!

LEON. What is the business?

120 *flatness*] completeness. "Flat" is still similarly used in such phrases
as "a flat [*i. e.*, downright] lie."

SERV. O sir, I shall be hated to report it! 140
 The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
 Of the queen's speed, is gone.

LEON. How! gone!

SERV. Is dead.

LEON. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
 Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*] How now
 there!

PAUL. This news is mortal to the queen: look
 down

And see what death is doing.

LEON. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
 I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
 Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
 Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and ladies, with Hermione.*

Apollo, pardon

150

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
 I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
 New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
 Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
 For, being transported by my jealousies
 To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
 Camillo for the minister to poison
 My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

141-142 *mere conceit . . . speed*] mere apprehension and fear of the queen's fortune. "Conceit" is applied by Shakespeare to all manner of mental conceptions. With "speed" cf. the modern use of "sped" (*i. e.*, fared).

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
 My swift command, though I with death and with 160
 Reward did threaten and encourage him,
 Not doing it and being done: he, most humane
 And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
 Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great, and to the hazard
 Of all incertainties himself commended,
 No richer than his honour: how he glisters
 Thorough my rust! and how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA

PAUL. Woe the while!
 O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it, 170
 Break too!

FIRST LORD. What fit is this, good lady?

PAUL. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for
 me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
 In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
 Must I receive, whose every word deserves

159 *tardied*] delayed to execute.

165 *the hazard*] Thus the First Folio. The Second and later Folios read
the certain hazard, which improves the metre, and does no harm to
 the sense.

166 *commended*] committed. Cf. II, iii, 181, *supra*.

167 *No richer than*] With no riches other than.

173 *boiling?*] Thus the First Folio. The Second and later Folios add
burning after *boiling* for the sake of metre.

To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
 Together working with thy jealousies,
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
 And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all 180
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
 And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
 Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
 To be or none or little; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't: 190
 Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
 Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
 That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer: but the last, — O lords,
 When I have said, cry "woe!" — the queen, the
 queen,
 The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance
 for 't
 Not dropp'd down yet.

183 *of a fool, inconstant*] Thus the Folios; there is no need for any change. The meaning is that Leontes, being a fool, shows himself inconstant in addition.

190 *shed water out of fire*] shed tears amid the flames (of hell).

FIRST LORD. The higher powers forbid!

PAUL. I say she's dead, I'll swear 't. If word nor
oath

200

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

210

LEON. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

FIRST LORD. Say no more:

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

PAUL. I am sorry for 't:

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd

To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past
help

206 *woes can stir*] woes self-inflicted by way of penance can remove.

219-220 *What's gone . . . past grief*] Cf. *Rich. II*, II, iii, 171: *Things
past redress are now with me past care*. Similar proverbial sayings
are found in *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 28, *past cure is still past care*, and *Macb.*,

Should be past grief: do not receive affliction 220
 At my petition; I beseech you, rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
 The love I bore your queen, lo, fool again!
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

LEON. Thou didst speak but well 230
 When most the truth; which I receive much better
 Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
 To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
 One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
 The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
 Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long
 I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
 To these sorrows. [Exeunt. 240

III, ii, 11, 12, *Things without all remedy Should be without regard.*

Leontes is credited with similar reflections at this stage of the story in Greene's novel of *Pandosto*.

220-221 *do not . . . petition*] Thus the Folios. The meaning apparently is: do not accept or give way to the affliction or sorrow caused by my entreaty or appeal to you.

SCENE III—BOHEMIA

A DESERT COUNTRY NEAR THE SEA

Enter ANTIGONUS with a Child, and a Mariner.

ANT. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd
upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

MAR. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

ANT. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

MAR. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

ANT. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.

10

1 *perfect*] certain. Cf. *Cymb.*, III, i, 73: *I am perfect* [*i. e.*, certain, well aware] *that*.

1-2 *ship . . . Bohemia*] Ben Jonson adversely criticised Shakespeare for giving Bohemia a sea-coast. See his *Conversations with Drummond*, 1619, ch. xii. Shakespeare here precisely follows the like episode in Green's "Novel." It would appear that during the thirteenth century the kingdom of Bohemia included provinces on the coast of the Adriatic. But doubtless Greene was ignorant of such a fact, and committed a geographical blunder which Shakespeare did not detect.

MAR. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.

ANT. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the
dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another; 20

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: " Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 30

Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the
babe

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more." And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40

I will be squared by this. I do believe
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
 There lie, and there thy character: there these;
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
 And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
 That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed 50
 To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
 The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to
 have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
 Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
 I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*]

Enter a Shepherd

SHEP. I would there were no age between ten and
 three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; 60
 for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches
 with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting —

41 *I will be squared by this*] I will be ruled, regulate my conduct, by this vision. Cf. V. i, 52, *infra*, "squared me to thy counsel."

47 *thy character*] written description of thee.

51 *loss*] hurt. See note on II, iii, 191, *supra*, "condemned to *loss*."

62 *wronging the ancients*] wronging their elders.

Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: 70 though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown

CLO. Hilloa, loa!

SHEP. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man? 80

CLO. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky:

63 *boiled brains*] madcaps. Prospero applies the same epithet to "brains" in the sense of "over-excited" or "unbalanced" in *Tempest*, V, i, 59-60: "*brains*, Now useless, *boil'd* within thy skull!" Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 4: "Lovers and madmen have such *seething brains*."

barne] a north-country form of "bairn," child.

69 *child*] This word was often exclusively applied to a baby girl, and is still so employed in English provincial dialects.

70 *scape*] (fruit of) transgression.

betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHEP. Why, boy, how is it?

CLO. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'ld thrust a cork into a hog's head. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

SHEP. Name of mercy, when was this, boy? 100

CLO. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

SHEP. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

CLO. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

87 *takes up*] rails against.

95 *flap-dragoned*] Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, i, 38: "thou art easier swallowed than a *flap-dragon* [*i. e.*, a burning raisin swimming in brandy or other strong liquor]." "To swallow a flap-dragon," or "snap-dragon," as it is now generally called, was a popular Christmas pastime.

SHEP. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let 's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What 's within, boy? 114

CLO. You 're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

SHEP. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home. 121

CLO. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

SHEP. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

111 *a bearing-cloth*] a christening mantle.

114 *changeling*] a child stolen from its parents by the fairies, who are usually credited with leaving another in its place. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, i, 23. The word is more commonly applied to the child alleged to be substituted by the fairies for the stolen infant. Cf. IV, iv, 677, *infra*.

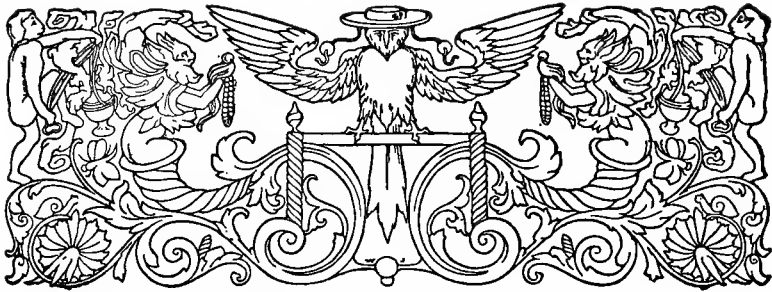
115 *made*] Theobald's correction of *mad*, the impossible reading of the Folios. The word "made" in the present sense figures in like context in Greene's "Novel."

124 *curst*] ill-tempered, angry.

CLO. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'
the ground. 130

SHEP. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds
on 't. [Exeunt.]

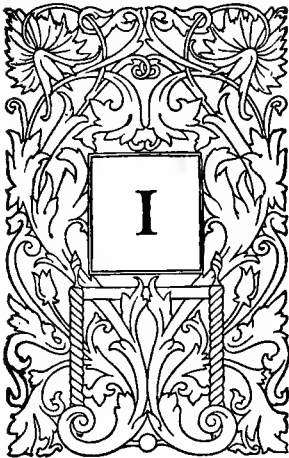
131 *do good deeds*] Cf. the proverbial expression "to thrive and *do good*,"
in 2 *Hen. VI*, IV, iii, 14.



ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

Enter TIME, the Chorus

TIME



THAT PLEASE SOME,
try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and
unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name
of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not
a crime
To me or my swift passage, that
I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the
growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in
my power

To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass

6-7 *leave the growth . . . wide gap*] leave unexamined the progress of
time that fills up that wide gap (of sixteen years).

8 *in one self-born hour*] in one hour my own creation.

The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10
 Or what is now received: I witness to
 The times that brought them in; so shall I do
 To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
 The glistering of this present, as my tale
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
 As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,
 The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
 That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
 In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
 I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
 I now name to you; and with speed so pace
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
 Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
 I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
 Be known when 't is brought forth. A shepherd's
 daughter,
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,
 Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,

15 *Now seems to it*] Now seems stale in comparison with the "glistering of this present."

19 *imagine me*] "Me" is here the ethical dative, as in such phrases as "bethink me."

22 *I mentioned*] Thus the Folios. Mention has been made of Polixenes's young prince by both Polixenes and Leontes, I, ii, 164 *seq.*, and to these remarks Time here seems to refer, vaguely assuming responsibility for their utterance.

23 *with speed so pace*] with equal haste go forward.

25 *Equal with wondering*] To an extent that justifies no less wonder or admiration.

If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
 If never, yet that Time himself doth say
 He wishes earnestly you never may.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II—BOHEMIA

THE PALACE OF POLIXENES

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO

POL. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

CAM. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

POL. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest¹⁰ of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot,

⁴ *fifteen*] Thus the Folios. But *sixteen* years is thrice stated elsewhere to be the length of time that elapses between the first and second parts of the play. Cf. IV, i, 6, and V, iii, 31 and 50.

⁵ *have . . . been aired*] have breathed air, lived.

to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

CAM. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

POL. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

CAM. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

19 *friendships*] friendly services. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, iii, 163: "To buy his favour, I extend this *friendship*."

25 *gracious*] in a state of grace, well conducted.

30 *missingly*] missing him, feeling his absence.

34-35 *eyes . . . removedness*] spies who watch him in his withdrawal from court.

POL. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.

50

POL. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—A ROAD NEAR THE SHEPHERD'S
COTTAGE

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

43-44 *but, I fear, the angle*] but I fear she is the hook and line, or the attraction. "Angle" here means "fishing-rod."

2 *doxy*] beggar's mistress. Cf. Burns's *Jolly Beggars*, "Hug our *doxies* on the hay." "Aunts" (l. 11, *infra*) is a slang word of the same significance.

3 *sweet o' the year*] Beaumont and Fletcher, in *A Wife for a Month*, II, i, applies the phrase to the month of April.

4 *red blood . . . pale*] the red blood of spring conquers the province of snow-coloured winter; "pale" is used in the double sense of "pale-ness," and of "settlement" or "province."

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay, 10
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-
 pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
 The pale moon shines by night:
 And when I wander here and there,
 I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
 And bear the sow-skin budget, 20
 Then my account I well may give,
 And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser
 linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I

7 *pugging*] thievish. Cf. "puggard," a cant term for a thief.

11 *aunts*] See note on "doxy" (l. 2, *supra*).

13 *three-pile*] the most costly kind of velvet, worn only by persons of consequence.

20 *sow-skin budget*] pouch or wallet of pigskin.

23-24 *My traffic . . . linen*] Autolycus's business is the theft of sheets, of larger linen. The kite, when building its nest, takes smaller pieces of linen, which only then need special guarding. According to Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, XI, 313-315, a work which Shakespeare knew well, Autolycus was a son of Mercury, "furtum ingeniosus ad omne . . .

am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize! 30

Enter Clown

CLO. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUT. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

CLO. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice — what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they 40

patriæ non degener artis." In Golding's translation it is said that he "proved a wylpie And such fellow as in theft and filching had no pew." 26-27 *With die and drab . . . caparison*] By means of gaming and going with loose women I acquired these rags.

28 *knock*] a reference to the blows to which the highwayman is liable from those whom he assaults.

30 *I sleep out the thought*] I drown in sleep the thought.

31 *every 'leven wether tods*] every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool.

34 *springe*] trap, snare. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, iii, 115: "*springes* to catch woodcocks."

40 *three-man songmen*] singers of catches. A "three-man song" was a catch in three parts.

are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates, none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

AUT. O that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground.*]

CLO. I' the name of me —

AUT. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death! 50

CLO. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUT. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

CLO. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

AUT. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and

42 *means*] the parts between the tenor and the treble. There is a pun here, implying that the songmen are "mean" fellows of no account.

43 *to hornpipes*] to the lively tunes commonly played on hornpipes.

43-44 *saffron . . . pies*] See note on *All's Well*, IV, v, 2.

warden pies] pies of warden, or baking, pears.

44 *out of my note*] It is questionable whether the clown would be reading from a written list. It probably means here that the item "dates" is not in the directions, which he is repeating from memory.

45 *race*] root. Cf. old French *rais*, Spanish *raíz*, and Latin *radix*.

46 *raisins o' the sun*] the ordinary raisin which is dried in the sun.

48 *I' the name of me*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iii, 167: "Before me, she's a good wench."

apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me. 80

CLO. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

AUT. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

CLO. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I 'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*]

AUT. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

CLO. Alas, poor soul!

AUT. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out. 70

CLO. How now! canst stand?

AUT. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

CLO. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

AUT. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart. 80

CLO. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

AUT. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

83 *troll-my-dames*] A French game resembling nine holes or bagatelle, which was called "trou-madame," would seem to have suggested this invented term for light women.

CLO. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

AUT. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

CLO. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

AUT. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

CLO. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

AUT. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

CLO. How do you now?

AUT. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

88 *will no more but abide*] will barely stay.

90 *ape-bearer*] travelling showman with a performing ape. Cf. Overbury's *Characters*, 1627: "There is nothing on the earth so pittifull [as a rymer], no, not an *ape-carrier*."

91-92 *a motion of the Prodigal Son*] Puppet shows of this and other scriptural tales were popular exhibitions at the time.

96 *prig*] slang word for a thief.

CLO. Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUT. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

110

CLO. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

AUT. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

Song. Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

120

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV—THE SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

FLO. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora

117 *unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue*] struck off the roll of thieves, struck out of the book of vice. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, II, ii, 43: "thou think'st me as far *in the devil's book* as thou and Falstaff."

118–121 *Jog on . . . a mile-a*] This was clearly a popular song of the day. The contemporary tune is found in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, a manuscript in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. In the miscellany called *An Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, Autolycus's lines are repeated without any author's name, together with a second stanza.

119 *hent*] grip, take hold of (in order to vault over). Cf. for the substantive, *Hamlet*, III, iii, 88: "Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid *hent*."

Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

10

FLO. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

PER. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,

3 *Peering in April's front*] Appearing at the beginning of April. Cf. *Sonnet cii*, 7, "summer's front."

6 *your extremes*] the extravagance of your conduct in disguising yourself.

10-12 *our feasts . . . with a custom*] At every table or in every group, our feasts through every rank admit strange frolics, and the guests accept it all as customary. The necessary *it* following *digest* was first supplied in the Second Folio. For *mess*, cf. I, ii, 227, *supra*, and note.

13-14 *sworn . . . glass*] The prince seems, by his rustic disguise, to be fulfilling an oath to show her, as in a glass, her own dress.

17 *the difference*] the difference of rank between us.

Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates! 20
 How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
 Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
 Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
 The sternness of his presence?

FLO. Apprehend
 Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
 Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
 A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30
 As I seem now. Their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
 Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
 Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
 Burn hotter than my faith.

PER. O, but, sir,
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
 Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speak, that you must change this
 purpose,
 Or I my life.

21-22 *his work . . . bound up*] Florizel is compared with a fine piece of literature badly bound, clothed in an inferior binding.

33 *Nor in a way*] The suggested emendation *Nor any way* is worth considering.

40 *Or I my life*] Or I must convert my life or rank of rusticity into one of gentility.

FLO. Thou dearest Perdita, 40
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50
We two have sworn shall come.

PER. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

FLO. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others, with
POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised*

SHEP. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle; 60
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,

56 *pantler*] pantry-man. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 227-228: "a' would have
made a good *pantler*, a' would ha' chipped bread well."

She would to each one sip. You are retired,
 As if you were a feasted one and not
 The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
 These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
 That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper.

PER. [To Pol.] Sir, welcome: 70

It is my father's will I should take on me
 The hostess-ship o' the day. [To Cam.] You 're welcome,
 sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
 For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
 Seeming and savour all the winter long:
 Grace and remembrance be to you both,
 And welcome to our shearing!

POL. Shepherdess,

A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
 With flowers of winter.

PER. Sir, the year growing ancient, 80
 Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
 Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
 Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,

74-76 *rosemary and rue . . . Grace and remembrance*] Cf. *Hamlet*,
 IV, v, 172-178: "There's *rosemary*; that's for *remembrance*: . . .
 there's *rue* for you: . . . we may call it *herb-grace*."

82 *gillyvors*] a corruption of the French "*girofle*." The name is com-
 monly bestowed on various kinds of pinks or carnations. Possibly

Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

POL. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

PER. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

POL. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

90

PER. So it is.

POL. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

PER. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;

100

Perdita credits the "streak'd" flower with a bad character because its colouring suggests the painting in which immodest women indulged. See lines 86-88 and 101, *infra*, where "gillyvors" and women's artificially painted faces are brought more directly into association.

86-88 *For I . . . nature*] Because Perdita has heard of an art which competes with nature in creating the gillyvors' variegation of colour.

100 *dibble*] a small sharp hoe.

No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 't were well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.

CAM. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

PER. Out, alas!

110

You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st
friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take

104 *mints*] usually found in the plural in Elizabethan authors, owing to the various species of the herb in common use.

105 *marigold*] probably the garden marigold, *calendula officinatis*.

116-118 O *Proserpina* . . . *Dis's waggon*] A reminiscence of Ovid's story in *Metamorphoses*, V, 359 *seq.*, of the rape of Proserpina, who, affrighted by the approach of Pluto's chariot, lets fall from her lap the flowers she had gathered. Cf. Golding's translation, "By chance she let her lap slip downe and out her flowers went," etc.

119 *take*] bewitch, captivate. The usage survives in the modern colloquial epithet "taking."

The winds of March with beauty; violets dim, 120
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
 To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLO. What, like a corse?

PER. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on; 130
 Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
 But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
 flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

FLO. What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I 'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
 I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
 Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you 140
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,

126 *crown imperial*] the fritillary, called *fritillaria imperialis*.

127 *flower-de-luce*] The fleur de lys is usually identified with an iris, not with a lily.

And own no other function: each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

PER. O Doricles,
 Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
 And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
 You woo'd me the false way.

150

FLO. I think you have
 As little skill to fear as I have purpose
 To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:
 Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
 That never mean to part.

PER. I 'll swear for 'em.

POL. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
 Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
 But smacks of something greater than herself,
 Too noble for this place.

CAM. He tells her something

143-146 *each your doing . . . queens*] your manner of doing each thing,
 so unique in excellence in every detail, crowns all that you are
 engaged in doing at the moment; each one of your acts is of royal
 quality, deserves a queen's crown.

148 *peeps*] Thus the Folios. The metre requires that "peeps" should be
 read as a dissyllable. Capell and other editors insert *so* before *fairly*,
 on the metrical ground.

150 *With wisdom*] On consideration.

152 *skill*] reason, the outcome of skill or knowledge.

153 *To put you to 't*] To give you occasion for it.

That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is 160
The queen of curds and cream.

CLO. Come on, strike up!

DOR. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

MOP. Now, in good time!

CLO. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.

Come, strike up!

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*]

POL. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

SHEP. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it 170
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand and read
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

POL. She dances featly.

SHEP. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles

160 *look out*] Theobald's correction of the Folio reading *looke on't*.

"Makes her blood look out" means "calls up the blood in her cheeks," "makes her blush."

163 *Now, in good time*] An ejaculation of surprise implying rebuke.

169 *worthy feeding*] pasturage of value. Cf. *As You Like It*, II, iv, 78, "bounds of *feed*."

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

180

Enter Servant

SERV. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

CLO. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

189

SERV. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the

191 *milliner*] here used by Shakespeare for a man who sells fancy articles.

Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, I, iii, 36: "perfumed like a *milliner*."

193 *dildos and fadings*] "Dildo" is a word often found in the nonsense refrains of popular songs. It was also used at times in a coarse sense, which added indelicate point to a vulgar song's burden: "Fadings," which is likewise found in the refrains of popular songs, was properly the name of a popular Irish dance.

195 *stretch-mouthed*] broad-mouthed, foul-mouthed.

196 *break a foul gap*] insert a coarse digression or parenthesis. The proposed substitution of *jape* for *gap* does not seem necessary.

maid to answer "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

POL. This is a brave fellow.

CLO. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares? 201

SERV. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

CLO. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

PER. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [Exit Servant. 211

CLO. You have of these peddlars, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

PER. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

197 "*Whoop, do me no harm, good man*" The burden of a coarse song, of which mention is made in *The Famous History of Friar Bacon*. The tune is given in Corkine's *Ayres*, 1610, No. 20.

201 *unbraided wares*] undamaged goods. For "braided ware" [*i. e.*, "damaged goods,"] see Marston's *Scourge of Villainie*, Satire V.

The proposed substitution of *embroidered* for *unbraided* is needless.

203 *points*] laces with metal tags.

204-205 *inkles, caddisses*] linen tape, worsted tape. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 67: *caddis-garter*.

207 *sleeve-hand*] cuff or wristband.

208 *work about the square on 't*] embroidery about the square-cut bosom front of the smock.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
 Cypress black as e'er was crow;
 Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
 Masks for faces and for noses;
 Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
 Perfume for a lady's chamber; 220
 Golden quoifs and stomachers,
 For my lads to give their dears;
 Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
 What maids lack from head to heel:
 Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
 Come buy.

CLO. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves. 230

MOP. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

216 *Cypress black*] Black crape. *Cyprus* was substituted for *cypress* by Rowe on the ground that the fabric may have been manufactured from cloth or satin, which is often stated to have been imported from Cyprus in Shakespeare's day. Less satisfactory is the suggestion that the reference is to the cypress tree, from which it is only known that ropes and matting were made.

217 *Gloves as sweet . . . roses*] Perfumed gloves were in fashion. Cf. line 245, *infra*, *sweet gloves*.

223 *poking-sticks*] steel rods to be heated in the fire wherewith to adjust and stiffen the plaits of ruffs.

225 *Come buy of me, come, etc.*] The music, with words, of this song is found in John Wilson's *Cheerfull Ayres*, 1660.

DOR. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

MOP. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again. 237

CLO. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 't is well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

MOP. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

CLO. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

AUT. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary. 249

CLO. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

239 *plackets*] The word is used in many senses, some of which are indelicate. Cf. line 601, *infra*. Here it means woman's undergarments. The clown asks in effect: "Will they wear their undergarments outside?" "Will they disclose everything?"

241 *kiln-hole*] the fireplace for making malt, a favourite place for gossiping.

243 *clamour*] apparently a rare intensitive derived from "clam" or "clem," which is found in contemporary authors in the sense of "stifle" or "stop." It seems desirable to adopt the proposed spelling *clammer*.

244-245 *tawdry-lace*] Cf. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, Eclogue IV: "and gird your waste . . . with a *tawdry-lace* [*i. e.*, ribbons of bright colour.]"

245 *sweet gloves*] Cf. line 217, *supra*.

AUT. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

CLO. What hast here? ballads?

MOP. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

AUT. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

MOP. Is it true, think you? 260

AUT. Very true, and but a month old.

DOR. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

AUT. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

MOP. Pray you now, buy it.

CLO. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon. 268

AUT. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

255 *o' life*] The Folios read *a life*. But an imprecation is clearly intended, equivalent to "i' faith," "in truth;" "a' life" or "o' life" (*i. e.*, "upon my life") is often used thus in Elizabethan English.

259 *carbonadoed*] often used of a piece of meat cut across or slashed for broiling.

DOR. Is it true too, think you?

AUT. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

CLO. Lay it by too: another.

AUT. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one. 280

MOP. Let 's have some merry ones.

AUT. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man:" there 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

MOP. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

DOR. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part; you must know 't is my occupation: have at it with you. 290

SONG

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then whither goest? say, whither?

CLO. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

[*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*]

AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Follows singing.*]

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

310

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Servant

SERV. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they them-

304 *sad talk*] serious, earnest talk.

316-317 *a medler, That doth utter*] an agent that puts into circulation; "medler" is used in a good sense here.

320 *men of hair . . . Saltiers*] men dressed in hairy skins of goats or other animals. "Saltiers" is a punning mispronunciation of "satyrs," in which characters the peasants perform their dance. Literally, "saltiers" could only mean "saultiers," "vaulters," "somersault throwers."

321 *gallimaufry*] medley.

selves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 324

SHEP. Away! we'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

POL. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

SERV. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier. 331

SHEP. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

SERV. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs

POL. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter. *[To Cam.]* Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them. He's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd! Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young And handed love as you do, I was wont 340
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this

324 *bowling*] the gentle game of bowls on a smooth green.

331 *squier*] from the French "esquierre," the mason's or carpenter's measuring rule or square.

340 *handed*] touched or treated. The proposed substitution of *handed* is needless.

345 *Interpretation should abuse*] Make a wrong interpretation of your conduct.

Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
 For a reply, at least if you make a care
 Of happy holding her.

FLO. Old sir, I know
 She prizes not such trifles as these are:
 The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd 350
 Up in my heart; which I have given already,
 But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
 Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
 Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,
 As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that 's bolted
 By the northern blasts twice o'er.

POL. What follows this?
 How prettily the young swain seems to wash
 The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
 But to your protestation; let me hear 360
 What you profess.

FLO. Do, and be witness to 't.

POL. And this my neighbour too?

FLO. And he, and more
 Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
 That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
 Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
 More than was ever man's, I would not prize them

353 *sir*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, iv, 70: "some *sir* of note."

356-357 *fann'd snow . . . o'er*] Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, ii, 141, 142:

"high Taurus' snow, *Fann'd with the eastern wind.*" "Bolted" means
 "sifted."

Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

POL. Fairly offer'd.

370

CAM. This shows a sound affection.

SHEP. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

PER. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

SHEP. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

FLO. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

380

SHEP. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

POL. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

FLO. I have; but what of him?

POL. Knows he of this?

FLO. He neither does nor shall.

POL. Methinks a father

369 *Commend*] *Commit.* Cf. II, iii, 181, *supra*, and note.

374 *cut out*] a common term in dressmaking.

Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
 That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
 Is not your father grown incapable
 Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid 390
 With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
 Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
 Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
 But what he did being childish?

FLO. No, good sir;
 He has his health and ampler strength indeed
 Than most have of his age.

POL. By my white beard,
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
 Something unfilial: reason my son
 Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason 400
 The father, all whose joy is nothing else
 But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
 In such a business.

FLO. I yield all this;
 But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
 Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
 My father of this business.

POL. Let him know 't.

FLO. He shall not.

POL. Prithee, let him.

FLO. No, he must not.

391 *altering rheums*] rheumatic affections, which change a man's disposition or reduce his bodily power.

392 *dispute his own estate*] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, III, iii, 63: "Let me dispute with thee of thy estate [*i. e.*, discuss thy affairs]."

398 *reason my son*] there is reason that my son.

SHEP. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

FLO. Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

POL. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base 410
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with, —

SHEP. O, my heart!

POL. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and
made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh 420
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

420 *knack*] toy, or plaything. The word is used quite literally in line 341, *supra*.

423 *Far*] Sometimes used as the comparative "farther," like "near" for "nearer." Cf. *Rich. II*, V, i, 88.

Deucalion] Deucalion, the Noah of classical mythology, is one of the heroes of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, I, 313 *seq.* Cf. *Cor.*, II, i, 85: "worth all your predecessors since *Deucalion*."

From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment, —
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
 Unworthy thee, — if ever henceforth thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open, 430
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee
 As thou art tender to 't. [Exit.

PER. Even here undone!
 I was not much afeard; for once or twice
 I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
 The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
 I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
 Of your own state take care: this dream of mine, — 440
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
 But milk my ewes and weep.

CAM. Why, how now, father!
 Speak ere thou diest.

SHEP. I cannot speak, nor think,
 Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
 You have undone a man of fourscore three,
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,

426 *dead*] deadly, fatal. The proposed change *dread*, though ingenious, is unnecessary.

431 *hoop*] Pope's correction for the Folio misprint *hope*.

438 *Looks on alike*] The phrase is still used as an intransitive verb (of an idle spectator). Cf. V, iii, 100, *infra*: "all that *look upon* with marvel."

To die upon the bed my father died,
 To lie close by his honest bones: but now
 Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
 Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch, 450
 That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
 To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
 If I might die within this hour, I have lived
 To die when I desire. [Exit.

FLO. Why look you so upon me?
 I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
 But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
 More straining on for plucking back, not following
 My leash unwillingly.

CAM. Gracious my lord,
 You know your father's temper: at this time
 He will allow no speech, which I do guess 460
 You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
 Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
 Come not before him.

FLO. I not purpose it.
 I think, Camillo?

CAM. Even he, my lord.

PER. How often have I told you 't would be thus!
 How often said, my dignity would last
 But till 't were known!

450 *Where no priest shovels in dust*] Without any burial service. In the
 old liturgies the priest is directed to fling earth into the grave.

459 *your father's*] The First Folio misprints *my father's*. The Second
 Folio made the correction.

FLO. It cannot fail but by
 The violation of my faith; and then
 Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together 470
 And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
 From my succession wipe me, father, I
 Am heir to my affection.

CAM. Be advised.

FLO. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
 If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
 Do bid it welcome.

CAM. This is desperate, sir.

FLO. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
 I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may 480
 Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
 To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
 As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
 When he shall miss me, — as, in faith, I mean not
 To see him any more, — cast your good counsels
 Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know
 And so deliver, I am put to sea 490

471 *seeds within*] Cf. *Macb.*, IV, i, 59, "nature's *germens* tumble all together," and *Lear*, III, ii, 8, "all *germens* spill at once."

474 [*fancy*] love.

489 *Tug for the time to come*] Fight it out henceforth, make a fight of it for the future.

With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
 And most opportune to our need I have
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
 For this design. What course I mean to hold
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
 Concern me the reporting.

CAM. O my lord!
 I would your spirit were easier for advice,
 Or stronger for your need.

FLO. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*]
 I'll hear you by and by.

CAM. He's irremoveable,
 Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
 His going I could frame to serve my turn,
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

500

FLO. Now, good Camillo;
 I am so fraught with curious business that
 I leave out ceremony.

CAM. Sir, I think
 You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
 That I have borne your father?

FLO. Very nobly
 Have you deserved: it is my father's music

510

492 *our need*] Theobald's correction of the Folio reading *her need*.

506 *curious*] involving care or embarrassment. See *Troil. and Cress.*, III, ii, 63: "What *too curious* dreg [*i. e.*, too embarrassing source of corruption] spies my sweet lady?"

To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

CAM.

Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king,
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by
As heavens forefend! your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

520

FLO.

How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.

CAM.

Have you thought on

A place whereto you 'll go?

FLO.

Not any yet:

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

530

CAM.

Then list to me:

524 *discontenting . . . qualify*] discontented . . . mollify.
530-531 *is guilty To*] is responsible for.

This follows, if you will not change your purpose
 But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
 And there present yourself and your fair princess,
 For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
 She shall be habited as it becomes
 The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
 Leontes opening his free arms and weeping 540
 His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
 As 't were i' the father's person; kisses the hands
 Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
 He chides to hell and bids the other grow
 Faster than thought or time.

FLO. Worthy Camillo,
 What colour for my visitation shall I
 Hold up before him?

CAM. Sent by the king your father
 To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with 550
 What you as from your father shall deliver,
 Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down:
 The which shall point you forth at every sitting
 What you must say; that he shall not perceive
 But that you have your father's bosom there
 And speak his very heart.

FLO. I am bound to you:
 There is some sap in this.

CAM. A course more promising

543-544 *o'er and o'er divides him . . . kindness*] constantly divides his
 talk between his past unkindness and his present kindness.

Than a wild dedication of yourselves
 To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
 To miseries enough: no hope to help you, 560
 But as you shake off one to take another:
 Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
 Do their best office, if they can but stay you
 Where you 'll be loath to be: besides you know
 Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
 Affliction alters.

PER. One of these is true:
 I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
 But not take in the mind.

CAM. Yea, say you so?
 There shall not at your father's house these seven years
 Be born another such.

FLO. My good Camillo, 571
 She is as forward of her breeding as
 She is i' the rear o' her birth.

CAM. I cannot say 't is pity
 She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
 To most that teach.

PER. Your pardon, sir; for this
 I 'll blush you thanks.

FLO. My prettiest Perdita!
 But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,

561 *one*] one misery. Cf. *Cymb.*, I, v, 55: "to exchange *one* misery with another."

569 *take in*] conquer, subdue. Cf. *Cymb.*, III, ii, 9: "*take in* some virtue," and note.

Preserver of my father, now of me,
 The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
 We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son, 580
 Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

CAM. My lord,
 Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
 Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
 To have you royally appointed as if
 The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
 That you may know you shall not want, one word. 586

[*They talk aside.*]

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS

AUT. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the

590 *pomander*] a ball of perfumes, or smelling-salts.

table-book] tablets, memorandum book.

595 *best in picture*] best in appearance, and therefore best for *picking*. A feeble pun.

598 *pettitoes*] feet; probably "pig's trotters."

herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. 609

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.]

CAM. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLO. And those that you'll procure from King
Leontes —

CAM. Shall satisfy your father.

PER. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

CAM. Who have we here?

[Seeing Autolycus.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

AUT. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

CAM. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir. 620

CAM. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that
from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must

601 *placket*] See line 239, *supra*, and note.

607 *whoo-bub*] the old spelling of "hubbub."

make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly, — thou must think there 's a necessity in 't, — and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

CAM. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already. 631

AUT. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

FLO. Dispatch, I prithee.

AUT. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

CAM. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy
Come home to ye! — you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat 640
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may —
For I do fear eyes over — to shipboard
Get undescried.

623 *discase*] undress.

627 *boot*] advantage, recompense. See line 665, *infra*, "without boot."

631 *flayed*] stripped. The Folios read *fled*, for which Steevens substituted *flayed*.

635 *earnest*] earnest money.

638 *my prophecy*] my prophetic use of the epithet "fortunate."

644 *eyes over*] overlooking, spying eyes.

PER. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

CAM. No remedy.
Have you done there?

FLO. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

CAM. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[Giving it to Perdita.]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUT. Adieu, sir.

FLO. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot! 650

Pray you, a word.

CAM. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

FLO. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAM. The swifter speed the better. 659

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*]

AUT. I understand the business, I hear it: to have
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary
for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell
out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that
the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had
this been without boot! What a boot is here with this

656 *review*] see again. Cf. *Sonnet lxxiv, 5*, "When thou *reviewest* this."

665 *without boot*] without profit, recompense. Cf. line 627, *supra*.

exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession. 672

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

CLO. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEP. Nay, but hear me.

CLO. Nay, but hear me. 680

SHEP. Go to, then.

CLO. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

SHEP. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law. 691

677 *changeling*] Cf. III, iii, 114, *supra*, and note.

CLO. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

AUT. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

SHEP. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

AUT. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

CLO. Pray heartily he be at palace. 700

AUT. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

SHEP. To the palace, an it like your worship.

AUT. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

CLO. We are but plain fellows, sir. 710

AUT. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

694 *I know how*] Thus the Folios. Hanmer substituted *I know not how*, probably rightly.

713-715 *give us . . . the lie*] lie about their wares when selling them to us soldiers. "Give us the lie" is repeated at line 715 in the ordinary sense of "flatly contradict us" (in the manner which provokes a challenge).

CLO. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

SHEP. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir? 718

AUT. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

SHEP. My business, sir, is to the king.

AUT. What advocate hast thou to him?

SHEP. I know not, an 't like you. 730

CLO. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

SHEP. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

AUT. How blessed are we that are not simple men!

717 *taken . . . with the manner*] caught in the act; a legal phrase. See *L. L. L.*, I, i, 199, and note.

721 *the measure*] the stately pace.

724 *insinuate, or toaze*] slyly ingratiate oneself or drag (or rend). The form "toaze" is not met with elsewhere. It is apparently a variant of "touse" (*i. e.*, pull), which is found in *Meas. for Meas.*, V, i, 309-310, "We 'll touse you Joint by joint." The Second Folio corrects the misprint *at toaze* of the First Folio.

731 *Advocate's . . . pheasant*] The clown imagines that "advocate" is the word used at court for the gift of game or pheasants, which suitors were in the habit of offering patrons or judges.

Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

CLO. This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEP. His garments are rich, but he wears them not
handsomely. 739

CLO. He seems to be the more noble in being fantas-
tical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking
on 's teeth.

AUT. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Where-
fore that box?

SHEP. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and
box, which none must know but the king; and which
he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the
speech of him.

AUT. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

SHEP. Why, sir? 750

AUT. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard
a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if
thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the
king is full of grief.

SHEP. So 't is said, sir; about his son, that should
have married a shepherd's daughter.

AUT. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him
fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel,
will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

741-742 *I know . . . teeth*] An Elizabethan man of fashion made con-
spicuous play with his toothpick. Cf. *K. John*, I, i, 190 (of an
affected traveller): "He and his *toothpick*."

757 *hand-fast*] custody. Properly "handfast" means "the custody of
a friend who gives security for one's appearance;" this form of
detention is technically known in law as "mainprise."

CLO. Think you so, sir?

760

AUT. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

770

CLO. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

AUT. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have

762 *germane*] akin.

766-767 *come into grace*] get into good society.

773-781 *He has a son . . . to death*] Boccaccio in the story (Day II, story 9), whence Shakespeare drew the main plot of *Cymbeline*, condemns the character, whom Shakespeare calls Iachimo, to an almost identical series of torments.

778 *hottest day prognostication proclaims*] hottest day which is foretold in the almanac.

to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it. 788

CLO. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember "stoned," and "flayed alive."

SHEP. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

AUT. After I have done what I promised?

SHEP. Ay, sir.

AUT. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business? 801

CLO. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

AUT. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

CLO. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. 811

785 *being . . . considered*] bearing a good, gentlemanlike reputation.

802 *case*] a pun on "case" in the double sense of "skin" and "dilemma."

AUT. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

CLO. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

SHEP. Let's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.* 817

AUT. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.* 829

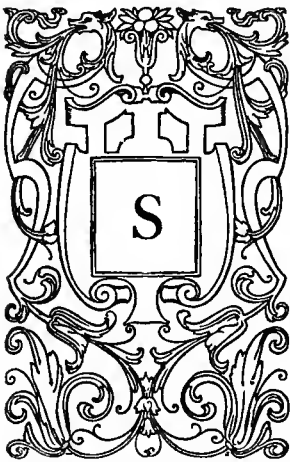
822 *turn back*] recoil.



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I
A ROOM IN LEONTES' PALACE

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Servants

CLEOMENES



SIR, YOU HAVE DONE
enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault
could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd;
indeed, paid down
More penitence than done tres-
pass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done,
forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

LEON. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot
forget

My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,

8 *in them*] in regard to them. Cf. *Macb.*, III, i, 49: "Our fears *in* Banquo."

That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of. 10

PAUL. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

LEON. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

CLEO. Not at all, good lady: 20
You might have spoken a thousand things that
would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

PAUL. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

DION. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour

12 *True, too true*] The Folios make Leontes's speech end with *of, true*, and Paulina's begin with *Too true*. Theobald rearranged the words, with manifest advantage to sense and metre.

19 *now, good now*] a plaintive precatory exclamation, equivalent to "my dear lady."

Had squared me to thy counsel! — then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips, —

PAUL. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

LEON. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"

PAUL. Had she such power, 60
She had just cause.

LEON. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

PAUL. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'ld bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'ld shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be "Remember mine."

52 *squared*] Cf. III, iii, 41, *supra*, and note.

53 *full eyes*] Cf. *Hen. V*, V, ii, 160–161: "a fair face will wither, a full eye wax hollow."

59 *Where we offenders now, appear*] The verb "are" is here understood after "we." "We" is equivalent to "we're." The Folios disarranged the words thus: (*Where we Offendors now appeare*). More violent changes than that adopted in the text have been suggested; none are satisfactory.

60 "Why to me?"] Why did you mete out this treatment to me?

67 "Remember mine"] "Remember my eyes."

LEON. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAUL. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave? 70

LEON. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

PAUL. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

CLEO. You tempt him over-much.

PAUL. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

CLEO. Good madam, —

PAUL. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will, — give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take
joy 80
To see her in your arms.

LEON. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

PAUL. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman

GENT. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she

75 *Affront*] Confront. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, i, 30, 31: "That he . . . may here *Affront* Ophelia."

As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome! 130
And your fair princess, — goddess! — O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost,
All mine own folly, the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

FLO. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend, 140
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

LEON. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,

140 *at friend*] on terms of friendship. Cf. the modern phrase "*at feud.*"

142 *worn times*] wasting years.

Enter a Lord

LORD. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir, 180
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has —
His dignity and duty both cast off —
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEON. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

LORD. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

FLO. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

LORD. Lay 't so to his charge:
He 's with the king your father.

LEON. Who? Camillo?

LORD. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;

198 *in question*] under examination, in conversation.

Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

LEON. Would he do so, I 'ld beg your precious mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

PAUL. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

LEON. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*] But your
petition

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.

230

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—BEFORE LEONTES' PALACE

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman

AUT. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

FIRST GENT. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

AUT. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

[134]

FIRST GENT. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero? ²⁰

SEC. GENT. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is

9 *broken delivery*] fragmentary account.

12-13 *cases of their eyes*] Cf. *Pericles*, III, ii, 104: "Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels."

17 *importance*] import, purport. Cf. *Cymb.*, I, iv, 45: "upon importance [*i. e.* import] of so slight and trivial a nature."

18 *the one*] either one.

called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

THIRD GENT. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant³⁰ by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

SEC. GENT. No.

40

THIRD GENT. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then⁵⁰ asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-

30-31 *pregnant by circumstance*] convincing through corroborative detail. Cf. *Othello*, II, i, 232: "a most *pregnant* and unforced position."

35 *character*] handwriting.

36 *affection*] disposition or quality. Cf. *Macb.*, IV, iii, 76-78: "there grows In my most ill-composed *affection* such A stanchless avarice."

law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

SEC. GENT. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

THIRD GENT. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ⁶⁰ ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

FIRST GENT. What became of his bark and his followers?

THIRD GENT. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble ⁷⁰ combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

52 *clipping*] embracing.

54 *weather-bitten conduit*] a fountain bitten or corroded by the weather. Fountains were often made of bronze or marble, shaped like human figures.

61 *with a bear*] by a bear.

62 *avouches*] corroborates.

FIRST GENT. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

THIRD GENT. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water⁸⁰ though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "Alas," I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

FIRST GENT. Are they returned to the court?⁹⁰

THIRD GENT. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope

80-81 *caught . . . fish*] A very stilted conceit, characteristic of much Elizabethan writing.

86 *most marble*] most hardened.

94 *Julio Romano*] Julio Romano (1492-1546) is well known as a painter and architect. But Vasari, the sixteenth-century biographer of Italian artists, quotes an epitaph on Romano, which credits him with skill in sculpture in addition.

95-96 *would beguile . . . custom*] would draw Nature's customers from her and attract them to himself.

of answer: — thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup. 100

SEC. GENT. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

FIRST GENT. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.* 109

AUT. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits. 119

Enter Shepherd and Clown

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

SHEP. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

104 *piece*] contribute to.

112 *aboard the prince*] aboard the prince's ship.

119 *relished*] found appreciation, been valued.

CLO. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

AUT. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born. 130

CLO. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

SHEP. And so have I, boy.

CLO. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

SHEP. We may live, son, to shed many more. 140

CLO. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

AUT. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

SHEP. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

CLO. Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUT. Ay, an it like your good worship.

CLO. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. 151

141-142 *preposterous estate*] prosperous state; "preposterous" is the clown's blunder.

SHEP. You may say it, but not swear it.

CLO. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.

SHEP. How if it be false, son?

CLO. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands. ¹⁶¹

AUT. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

CLO. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—A CHAPEL IN PAULINA'S HOUSE

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO,
PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants

LEON. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

PAUL. What, sovereign sir,

154 *franklins*] freemen, freeholders, below the rank of gentlemen.

158 *a tall fellow of thy hands*] a brave man, a man of notable valour.

"Tall" is often used in the sense of bold or courageous, as in lines 163 and 165, *infra*. Cotgrave, *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, 1611, defines "homme à la main" as "a man of execution or valour; a man of his hands."

167 *good masters*] generous patrons.

I did not well, I meant well. All my services
 You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed
 With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
 Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
 It is a surplus of your grace, which never
 My life may last to answer.

LEON.

O Paulina,

We honour you with trouble: but we came
 To see the statue of our queen: your gallery 10
 Have we pass'd through, not without much content
 In many singularities; but we saw not
 That which my daughter came to look upon,
 The statue of her mother.

PAUL.

As she lived peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
 Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
 Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
 Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
 To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
 Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 't is well. 20

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers
 Hermione standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shows off
 Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.
 Comes it not something near?

9 *We . . . trouble*] The honour we pay you gives you trouble.

18 *Lonely*] This is Hanmer's correction of the Folio reading *Louely*, or *Lovely*, which has been interpreted as "lovingly," "with more than ordinary tenderness." "Lonely, apart" is tautological. The Folio reading seems defensible.

LEON. Her natural posture!
 Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
 Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
 In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
 As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
 Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
 So aged as this seems.

POL. O, not by much.

PAUL. So much the more our carver's excellence; 30
 Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
 As she lived now.

LEON. As now she might have done,
 So much to my good comfort, as it is
 Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
 Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
 As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
 I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
 For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
 There's magic in thy majesty, which has
 My evils conjured to remembrance, and 40
 From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
 Standing like stone with thee.

PER. And give me leave,
 And do not say 't is superstition, that
 I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
 Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
 Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

PAUL. O, patience!

32 *As she lived*] As if she lived.

The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

CAM. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 50
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

POL. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

PAUL. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I 'ld not have show'd it.

LEON. Do not draw the curtain.

PAUL. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your
fancy 60
May think anon it moves.

LEON. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

POL. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

52-53 *no sorrow . . . sooner*] Cf. note on *All's Well*, I, i, 50.

56 *Will piece up in himself*] Will make his own, take upon himself.

62 *Would I were dead, . . . already* —] The interrupted sentence means,
"May I die, if I did not think this statue already moved."

LEON. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

PAUL. I 'll draw the curtain:
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.

LEON. O sweet Paulina, 70
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

PAUL. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

LEON. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

PAUL. Good my lord, forbear: 80
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

LEON. No, not these twenty years.

PER. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

PAUL. Either forbear,

67 *fixure*] fixity, fixedness, stability. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, I, iii, 99-101: "deracinate The unity and married calm of states Quite from their *fixure*."

68 *As we are mock'd with art*] For so we are mocked by art.

85-86 *Either forbear . . . resolve you*] Either abstain from touching, and at once quit the chapel, or make up your mind.

Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
 For more amazement. If you can behold it,
 I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
 And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
 Which I protest against, I am assisted
 By wicked powers.

90

LEON. What you can make her do,
 I am content to look on: what to speak,
 I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
 To make her speak as move.

PAUL. It is required
 You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
 On: those that think it is unlawful business
 I am about, let them depart.

LEON. Proceed:
 No foot shall stir.

PAUL. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
 'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
 Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
 I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,
 Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
 Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:

100

[*Hermione comes down.*]

Start not; her actions shall be holy as
 You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
 Until you see her die again; for then
 You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:

96 *On: those*] Thus the Folios. Hanmer substituted *Or those*, a welcome simplification.

100 *look upon*] look on. Cf. IV, iv, 438, *supra*, and note.

When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

LEON. O, she's warm!

If this be magic, let it be an art

110

Lawful as eating.

POL. She embraces him.

CAM. She hangs about his neck:

If she pertain to life let her speak too.

POL. Ay, and make't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

PAUL. That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.

Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel

And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;

120

Our Perdita is found.

HER. You gods, look down,

And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,

Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,

Knowing by Paulina that the oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved

Myself to see the issue.

PAUL. There's time enough for that;

Lest they desire upon this push to trouble

129 *this push*] this emergency, as in *Macb.*, V, iii, 20-21, "*This push*
Will cheer me."

Your joys with like relation. Go together, 130
 You precious winners all; your exultation
 Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
 My mate, that 's never to be found again,
 Lament till I am lost.

LEON. O, peace, Paulina!
 Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
 As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
 And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
 mine;

But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
 As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many 140
 A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far, —
 For him, I partly know his mind, — to find thee
 An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
 And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
 Is richly noted and here justified
 By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
 What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
 That e'er I put between your holy looks
 My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
 And son unto the king, whom heavens directing, 150

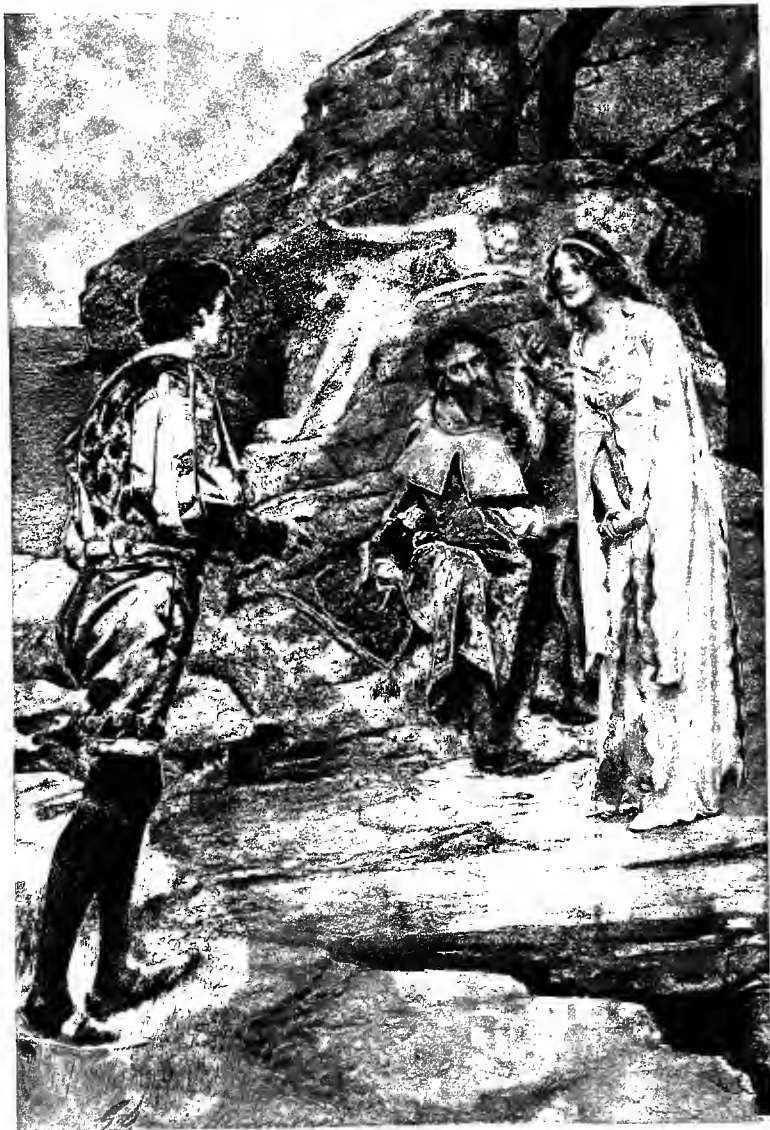
135 *lost*] given up (to death).

144 *whose*] The antecedent is "Camillo."

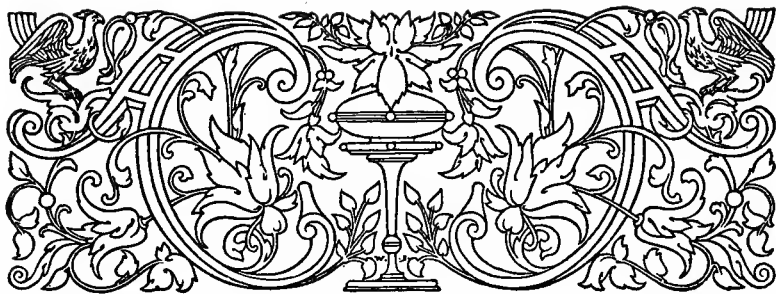
149-150 *This your son-in-law, . . . directing*] Thus the Folios. The irregularities of the grammatical construction here are removed by reading *This is* for *This*, and *who* for *whom*. But a gesture might well supply *is* after *this*, and *whom heaven's directing* (*i. e.*, who under heaven's direction) is a grammatical solecism of a kind which is *familiar* in Shakespeare's work.

SCENE III THE WINTER'S TALE

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*]



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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE

VOLUME VIII

THE TEMPEST

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY HENRY JAMES
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY GERTRUDE DEMAIN HAMMOND



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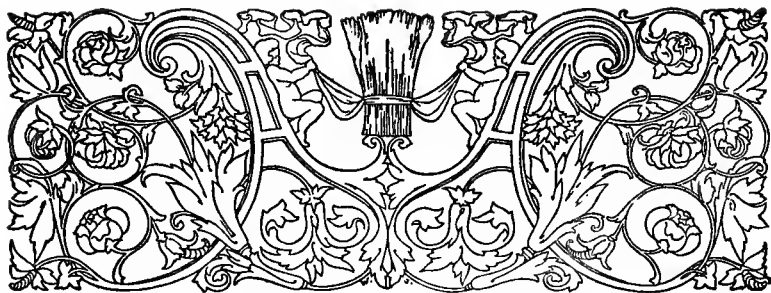
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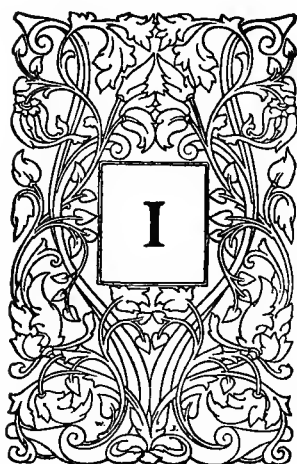
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INTRODUCTION



F the effect of the Plays and Poems, taken in their mass, be most of all to appear often to mock our persistent ignorance of so many of the conditions of their birth, and thereby to place on the rack again our strained and aching wonder, this character has always struck me as more particularly kept up for them by *The Tempest*; the production, of the long series, in which the Questions, as the critical reader of Shakespeare must ever comprehensively and ruefully call them and more or less resignedly live with them, hover before us in their most tormenting form. It may seem no very philosophic state of mind, the merely baffled and exasperated view of one of the supreme works of all literature; though I feel, for myself, that to

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confess to it now and then, by way of relief, is no unworthy tribute to the work. It is not, certainly, the tribute most frequently paid, for the large body of comment and criticism of which this play alone has been the theme abounds much rather in affirmed conclusions, complacencies of conviction, full apprehensions of the meaning and triumphant pointings of the moral. The Questions, in the light of all this wisdom, convert themselves, with comparatively small difficulty, into smooth and definite answers; the innumerable dim ghosts that flit, like started game at eventide, through the deep dusk of our speculation, with just form enough to quicken it and no other charity for us at all, bench themselves along the vista as solidly as Falstaff and as vividly as Hotspur. Everything has thus been attributed to the piece before us, and every attribution so made has been in turn brushed away; merely to glance at such a monument to the interest inspired is to recognise a battleground of opposed factions, not a little enveloped in sound and smoke. Of these copious elements, produced for the most part to the best intention, we remain accordingly conscious; so that to approach the general bone of contention, as we can but familiarly name it, for whatever purpose, we have to cross the scene of action at a mortal risk, making the fewest steps of it and trusting to the probable calm at the centre of the storm. There in fact, though there only, we find that serenity; find the subject itself intact and unconscious, seated as unwinking and inscrutable as a divinity in a temple, save for that vague flicker of derision, the only response to our inter-

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pretative heat, which adds the last beauty to its face. The divinity never relents — never, like the image of life in *The Winter's Tale*, steps down from its pedestal ; it simply leaves us to stare on through the ages, with this fact indeed of having crossed the circle of fire, and so got into the real and right relation to it, for our one comfort.

The position of privilege of *The Tempest* as the latest example, to all appearance, of the author's rarer work, with its distance from us in time thereby shortened to the extent of the precious step or two, was certain to expose it, at whatever final cost, we easily see, to any amount of interpretative zeal. With its first recorded performance that of February 1613, when it was given in honour of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, its finished state cannot have preceded his death by more than three years, and we accordingly take it as the finest flower of his experience. Here indeed, as on so many of the Questions, judgments sharply differ, and this use of it as an ornament to the nuptials of the daughter of James I. and the young Elector Palatine may have been but a repetition of previous performances ; though it is not in such a case supposable that these can have been numerous. They would antedate the play, at the most, by a year or two, and so not throw it essentially further back from us. *The Tempest* speaks to us, somehow, convincingly, as a *pièce de circonstance*, and the suggestion that it was addressed, in its brevity, its rich simplicity, and its free elegance, to court-production, and above all to providing, with a string of other dramas, for the "intellectual" splendour of a wedding-feast, is, when

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once entertained, not easily dislodged. A few things fail to fit, but more fit strikingly. I like therefore to think of the piece as of 1613. To refer it, as it is referred by other reckonings, to 1611 is but to thicken that impenetrability of silence in which Shakespeare's latest years enfold him. Written as it must have been on the earlier calculation, before the age of forty-seven, it has that rare value of the richly mature note of a genius who, by our present measure of growth and fulness, was still young enough to have had in him a world of life: we feel behind it the immense procession of its predecessors, while we yet stare wistfully at the plenitude and the majesty, the expression as of something broad-based and ultimate, that were not, in any but a strained sense, to borrow their warrant from the weight of years. Nothing so enlarges the wonder of the whole time-question in Shakespeare's career as the fact of this date, in easy middle life, of his time-climax; which, if we knew less, otherwise, than we do about him, might affect us as attempt, on the part of treacherous History, to pass him off as one of those monsters of precocity who, fortunately for their probable reputation, the too likely betrayal of short-windedness, are cut off in their comparative prime. The transmuted young rustic who, after a look over London, brief at the best, was ready at the age of thirty to produce *The Merchant of Venice* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (and this after the half-dozen splendid prelude things that had included, at twenty-eight, *Romeo and Juliet*), had been indeed a monster of precocity — which all geniuses of the first order are not;

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but the day of his paying for it had neither arrived nor, however faintly, announced itself, and the fathomless strangeness of his story, the abrupt stoppage of his pulse after *The Tempest*, is not, in charity, lighted for us by a glimmer of explanation. The explanation by some interposing accident is as absent as any symptom of "declining powers."

His powers declined, that is — but declined merely to obey the spring we should have supposed inherent in them; and their possessor's case derives from this, I think, half the secret of its so inestimably mystifying us. He died, for a nature so organized, too lamentably soon; but who knows where we should have been with him if he had not lived long enough so to affirm, with many other mysteries, the mystery of his abrupt and complete cessation? There is that in *The Tempest*, specifically, though almost all indefinably, which seems to show us the artist consciously tasting of the first and rarest of his gifts, that of imaged creative Expression, the instant sense of some copious equivalent of thought for every grain of the grossness of reality; to show him as unresistingly aware, in the depths of his genius, that nothing like it had ever been known, or probably would ever be again known, on earth, and as so given up, more than on other occasions, to the joy of sovereign *science*. There are so many sides from which any page that shows his stamp may be looked at that a handful of reflections can hope for no coherency, in the chain of association immediately formed, unless they happen to bear upon some single truth. Such a truth then, for me, is this compara-

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tive — by which one can really but mean this superlative — artistic value of the play seen in the meagre circle of the items of our knowledge about it. Let me say that our knowledge, in the whole connection, is a quantity that shifts, surprisingly, with the measure of a felt need; appearing to some of us, on some sides, adequate, various, large, and appearing to others, on whatever side, a scant beggar's portion. We are concerned, it must be remembered, here — that is for getting *generally* near our author — not only with the number of the mustered facts, but with the kind of fact that each may strike us as being: never unmindful that such matters, when they are few, may go far for us if they be individually but ample and significant; and when they are numerous, on the other hand, may easily fall short enough to break our hearts if they be at the same time but individually small and poor. Three or four stepping-stones across a stream will serve if they are broad slabs, but it will take more than may be counted if they are only pebbles. Beyond all gainsaying then, by many an estimate, is the penury in which even the most advantageous array of the Shakespearean facts still leaves us: strung together with whatever ingenuity they remain, for our discomfiture, as the pebbles across the stream.

To balance, for our occasion, this light scale, however, *The Tempest* affects us, taking its complexity and its perfection together, as the rarest of all examples of literary art. There may be other things as exquisite, other single exhalations of beauty reaching as high a mark and sustained there for a moment, just as there are other

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deep wells of poetry from which cupfuls as crystalline may, in repeated dips, be drawn ; but nothing, surely, of equal length and variety lives so happily and radiantly as a whole : no poetic birth ever took place under a star appointed to blaze upon it so steadily. The felicity enjoyed is enjoyed longer and more intensely, and the art involved, completely revealed, as I suggest, to the master, holds the securest revel. The man himself, in the Plays, we directly touch, to my consciousness, positively nowhere : we are dealing too perpetually with the artist, the monster and magician of a thousand masks, not one of which we feel him drop long enough to gratify with the breath of the interval that strained attention in us which would be yet, so quickened, ready to become deeper still. Here at last the artist is, comparatively speaking, so generalised, so consummate and typical, so frankly amused with himself, that is with his art, with his power, with his theme, that it is as if he came to meet us more than his usual half-way, and as if, thereby, in meeting *him*, and touching him, we were nearer to meeting and touching the man. The man everywhere, in Shakespeare's work, is so effectually locked up and imprisoned in the artist that we but hover at the base of thick walls for a sense of him ; while, in addition, the artist is so steeped in the abysmal objectivity of his characters and situations that the great billows of the medium itself play with him, to our vision, very much as, over a ship's side, in certain waters, we catch, through transparent tides, the flash of strange sea-creatures. What we are present at in this fashion is a series of incalcu-

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lable plunges — the series of those that have taken effect, I mean, after the great primary plunge, made once for all, of the man into the artist: the successive plunges of the artist himself into Romeo and into Juliet, into Shylock, Hamlet, Macbeth, Coriolanus, Cleopatra, Antony, Lear, Othello, Falstaff, Hotspur; immersions during which, though he always ultimately finds his feet, the very violence of the movements involved troubles and distracts our sight. In *The Tempest*, by the supreme felicity I speak of, is no violence; he sinks as deep as we like, but what he sinks into, beyond all else, is the lucid stillness of his style.

One can speak, in these matters, but from the impression determined by one's own inevitable standpoint; again and again, at any rate, such a masterpiece puts before me the very act of the momentous conjunction taking place for the poet, at a given hour, between his charged inspiration and his clarified experience: or, as I should perhaps better express it, between his human curiosity and his æsthetic passion. Then, if he happens to have been, all his career, with his equipment for it, more or less the victim and the slave of the former, he yields, by way of a change, to the impulse of allowing the latter, for a magnificent moment, the upper hand. The human curiosity, as I call it, is always there — with no more need of making provision for it than use in taking precautions against it; the surrender to the luxury of expertness may therefore go forward on its own conditions. I can offer no better description of *The Tempest* as fresh re-perusal lights it for me than as such a surrender, sublimely en-

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joyed ; and I may frankly say that, under this impression of it, there is no refinement of the artistic consciousness that I do not see my way — or feel it, better, perhaps, since we but grope, at the best, in our darkness — to attribute to the author. It is a way that one follows to the end, because it is a road, I repeat, on which one least misses some glimpse of him face to face. If it be true that the thing was concocted to meet a particular demand, that of the master of the King's revels, with his prescription of date, form, tone and length, this, so far from interfering with the Poet's perception of a charming opportunity to taste for *himself*, for himself above all, and as he had almost never so tasted, not even in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of the quality of his mind and the virtue of his skill, would have exceedingly favoured the happy case. Innumerable one may always suppose these delicate debates and intimate understandings of an artist with himself. "How much *taste*, in the world, may I conceive that I have? — and what a charming idea to snatch a moment for finding out! What moment could be better than this — a bridal evening before the Court, with extra candles and the handsomest company — if I can but put my hand on the right 'scenario'?" We can catch, across the ages, the searching sigh and the look about ; we receive the stirred breath of the ripe, amused genius ; and, stretching, as I admit I do at least, for a still closer conception of the beautiful crisis, I find it pictured for me in some such presentment as that of a divine musician who, alone in his room, preludes or improvises at close of day. He

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sits at the harpsichord, by the open window, in the summer dusk ; his hands wander over the keys. They stray far, for his motive, but at last he finds and holds it ; then he lets himself go, embroidering and refining : it is the thing for the hour and his mood. The neighbours may gather in the garden, the nightingale be hushed on the bough ; it is none the less a private occasion, a concert of one, both performer and auditor, who plays for his own ear, his own hand, his own innermost sense, and for the bliss and capacity of his instrument. Such are the only hours at which the artist *may*, by any measure of his own (too many things, at others, make heavily against it) ; and their challenge to him is irresistible if he has known, all along, too much compromise and too much sacrifice.

The face that beyond any other, however, I seem to see The Tempest turn to us is the side on which it so superlatively speaks of that endowment for Expression, expression as a primary force, a consuming, an independent passion, which was the greatest ever laid upon man. It is for Shakespeare's power of constitutive speech quite as if he had swum into our ken with it from another planet, gathering it up there, in its wealth, as something antecedent to the occasion and the need, and if possible quite in excess of them ; something that was to make of our poor world a great flat table for receiving the glitter and clink of outpoured treasure. The idea and the motive are more often than not so smothered in it that they scarce know themselves, and the resources of such a style, the provision of images, emblems, energies of every sort,

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laid up in advance, affects us as the storehouse of a king before a famine or a siege — which not only, by its scale, braves depletion or exhaustion, but bursts, through mere excess of quantity or presence, out of all doors and windows. It renders the poverties and obscurities of our world, as I say, in the dazzling terms of a richer and better. It constitutes, by a miracle, more than half the author's material; so much more usually does it happen, for the painter or the poet, that life itself, in its appealing, overwhelming crudity, offers itself as the paste to be kneaded. Such a personage works in general in the very elements of experience; whereas we see Shakespeare working predominantly in the terms of expression, *all* in the terms of the artist's specific vision and genius; with a thicker cloud of images to attest his approach, at any point, than the comparatively meagre given case ever has to attest its own identity. He points for us as no one else the relation of style to meaning and of manner to motive; a matter on which, right and left, we hear such rank ineptitudes uttered. Unless it be true that these things, on either hand, are inseparable; unless it be true that the phrase, the cluster and order of terms, *is* the object and the sense, in as close a compression as that of body and soul, so that any consideration of them as distinct, from the moment style is an active, applied force, becomes a gross stupidity: unless we recognise this reality the author of *The Tempest* has no lesson for us. It is by his expression of it exactly as the expression stands that the particular thing is created, created as interesting, as beautiful, as strange, droll or terrible — as

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related, in short, to our understanding or our sensibility ; in consequence of which we reduce it to naught when we begin to talk of either of its presented parts as matters by themselves.

All of which considerations indeed take us too far ; what it is important to note being simply our Poet's high testimony to this independent, absolute value of Style, and to its need thoroughly to project and seat itself. It had been, as so seating itself, the very home of his mind, for his all too few twenty years ; it had been the supreme source to him of the joy of life. It had been in fine his material, his plastic clay ; since the more subtly he applied it the more secrets it had to give him, and the more these secrets might appear to him, at every point, one with the lights and shades of the human picture, one with the myriad pulses of the spirit of man. Thus it was that, as he passed from one application of it to another, tone became, for all its suggestions, more and more sovereign to him, and the subtlety of its secrets an exquisite interest. If I see him, at the last, over *The Tempest*, as the composer, at the harpsichord or the violin, extemporising in the summer twilight, it is exactly that he is feeling there for tone and, by the same token, finding it — finding it as *The Tempest*, beyond any register of ours, immortally gives it. This surrender to the highest sincerity of virtuosity, as we nowadays call it, is to my perception *all* *The Tempest* ; with no possible depth or delicacy in it that such an imputed character does not cover and provide for. The subject to be treated was the simple fact (if one may call any-

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thing in the matter simple) that refinement, selection, economy, the economy not of poverty, but of wealth a little weary of congestion—the very air of the lone island and the very law of the Court celebration—were here implied and imperative things. Anything was a subject, always, that offered to sight an aperture of size enough for expression and its train to pass in and deploy themselves. If they filled up all the space, none the worse; they occupied it as nothing else could do. The subjects of the Comedies are, without exception, old wives' tales—which we are not too insufferably aware of only because the iridescent veil so perverts their proportions. The subjects of the Histories are no subjects at all; each is but a row of pegs for the hanging of the cloth of gold that is to muffle them. Such a thing as *The Merchant of Venice* declines, for very shame, to be reduced to its elements of witless “story”; such things as the two Parts of *Henry the Fourth* form no more than a straight convenient channel for the procession of evoked images that is to pour through it like a torrent. Each of these productions is none the less of incomparable splendour; by which splendour we are bewildered till we see how it comes. Then we see that every inch of it is personal tone, or in other words brooding expression raised to the highest energy. Push such energy far enough—far enough if you can!—and, being what it is, it then inevitably provides for Character. Thus we see character, in every form of which the “story” gives the thinnest hint, marching through the pieces I have named in its habit as it lives, and so filling out the scene that

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nothing is missed. The "story" in *The Tempest* is a thing of naught, for any story will provide a remote island, a shipwreck and a coincidence. Prospero and Miranda, awaiting their relatives, are, in the present case, *for* the relatives, the coincidence — just as the relatives are the coincidence for them. Ariel and Caliban, and the island-airs and island-scents, and all the rest of the charm and magic and the ineffable delicacy (a delicacy positively at its highest in the conception and execution of Caliban) are the style handed over to its last disciplined passion of curiosity; a curiosity which flowers, at this pitch, into the freshness of each of the characters.

There are judges for whom the piece is a tissue of symbols; symbols of the facts of State then apparent, of the lights of philosophic and political truth, of the "deeper meanings of life," above all, of a high crisis in its author's career. At this most relevant of its mystic values only we may glance; the consecrated estimate of Prospero's surrender of his magic robe and staff as a figure for Shakespeare's own self-despoilment, his considered purpose, at this date, of future silence. Dr. George Brandes works out in detail that analogy; the production becomes, on such a supposition, Shakespeare's "farewell to the stage"; his retirement to Stratford, to end his days in the care of his property and in oblivion of the theatre, was a course for which his arrangements had already been made. The simplest way to put it, since I have likened him to the musician at the piano, is to say that he had decided upon the complete closing of this instrument, and that in fact he was to proceed to lock

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it with the sharp click that has reverberated through the ages, and to spend what remained to him of life in walking about a small, squalid country-town with his hands in his pockets and an ear for no music now but the chink of the coin they might turn over there. This is indeed in general the accepted, the imposed view of the position he had gained: this freedom to "elect," as we say, to cease, intellectually, to exist: this ability, exercised at the zenith of his splendour, to shut down the lid, from one day to another, on the most potent aptitude for vivid reflection ever lodged in a human frame and to conduct himself thereafter, in all ease and comfort, not only as if it were not, but as if it had never been. I speak of our "accepting" the prodigy, but by the established record we have no choice whatever; which is why it is imposed, as I say, on our bewildered credulity. With the impossibility of proving that the author of *The Tempest* did, after the date of that production, ever again press the spring of his fountain, ever again reach for the sacred key or break his heart for an hour over his inconceivable act of sacrifice, we are reduced to behaving as if we understood the strange case; so that any rubbing of our eyes, as under the obsession of a wild dream, has been held a gesture that, for common decency, must mainly take place in private. If I state that my small contribution to any renewed study of the matter can amount, accordingly, but to little more than an irresistible need to rub mine in public, I shall have done the most that the condition of our knowledge admits of. We can "accept," but we can accept only in stupefac-

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tion—a stupefaction that, in presence of *The Tempest*, and of the intimate meaning so imputed to it, must despair of ever subsiding. These things leave us in darkness—in gross darkness about the Man; the case of which they are the warrant is so difficult to embrace. None ever appealed so sharply to some light of knowledge, and nothing could render our actual knowledge more contemptible. What manner of human being was it who *could* so, at a given moment, announce his intention of capping his divine flame with a twopenny extinguisher, and who then, the announcement made, could serenely succeed in carrying it out? Were it a question of a flame spent or burning thin, we might feel a little more possessed of matter for comprehension; the fact being, on the contrary, one can only repeat, that the value of *The Tempest* is, exquisitely, in its refinement of power, its renewed artistic freshness and roundness, its mark as of a distinction unequalled, on the whole (though I admit that we here must take subtle measures), in any predecessor. Prospero has simply waited, to cast his magic ring into the sea, till the jewel set in it shall have begun to burn as never before.

So it is then; and it puts into a nutshell the eternal mystery, the most insoluble that ever was, the complete rupture, for our understanding, between the Poet and the Man. There are moments, I admit, in this age of sound and fury, of connections, in every sense, too mad-deningly multiplied, when we are willing to let it pass as a mystery, the most soothing, cooling, consoling too perhaps, that ever was. But there are others when, speak-

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ing for myself, its power to torment us intellectually seems scarcely to be borne ; and we know these moments best when we hear it proclaimed that a comfortable clearness reigns. I have been for instance reading over Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, and I find him apparently of the opinion that it is all our fault if everything in our author's story, and above all in this last chapter of it, be not of a primitive simplicity. The complexity arises from our suffering our imagination to meddle with the Man at all ; who is quite sufficiently presented to us on the face of the record. For critics of this writer's complexion the only facts we are urgently concerned with are the facts of the Poet, which are abundantly constituted by the Plays and the Sonnets. The Poet is *there*, and the Man is outside : the Man is for instance in such a perfectly definite circumstance as that he could never miss, after *The Tempest*, the key of his piano, as I have called it, since he could play so freely with the key of his cash-box. The supreme master of expression had made, before fifty, all the money he wanted ; therefore what was there more to express ? This view is admirable if you can get your mind to consent to it. It must ignore any impulse, in presence of Play or Sonnet (whatever vague stir behind either may momentarily act as provocation) to try for a lunge at the figured arras. In front of the tapestry sits the immitigably respectable person whom our little slateful of gathered and numbered items, heaven knows, does amply account for, since there is nothing in him to explain ; while the undetermined figure, on the other hand — undetermined whether in the sense of

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respectability or of anything else — the figure who supremely interests us, remains as unseen of us as our Ariel, on the enchanted island, remains of the bewildered visitors. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's theory, as I understand it — and I refer to it but as an advertisement of a hundred others — is that we too are but bewildered visitors, and that the state of mind of the Duke of Naples and his companions is our proper critical portion.

If our knowledge of the greatest of men consists therefore but of the neat and "proved" addition of two or three dozen common particulars, the rebuke to a morbid and monstrous curiosity is no more than just. We know enough, by such an implication, when we admire enough, and as difficulties would appear to abound on our attempting to push further, this is an obvious lesson to us to stand as still as possible. Not difficulties — those of penetration, exploration, interpretation, those, in the word that says everything, of appreciation — are the approved field of criticism, but the very forefront of the obvious and the palpable, where we may go round and round, like holiday-makers on hobby-horses, at the turning of a crank. Differences of estimate, in this relation, come back, too clearly, let us accordingly say, to differences of view of the character of genius in general — if not, in truth, more exactly stated, to that strangest of all fallacies, the idea of the separateness of a great man's parts. His genius places itself, under this fallacy, on one side of the line and the rest of his identity on the other; the line being that, for instance, which, to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's view, divides the author of Hamlet and The

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Tempest from the man of exemplary business-method whom alone we may propose to approach at all intimately. The stumbling-block here is that the boundary exists only in the vision of those able to content themselves with arbitrary marks. A mark becomes arbitrary from the moment we have no authoritative sign of where to place it, no sign of higher warrant than that it smoothes and simplifies the ground. But though smoothing and simplifying, on such terms, may, by restricting our freedom of attention and speculation, make, on behalf of our treatment of the subject, for a livelier effect of business — that business as to a zealous care for which we seem taught that our author must above all serve as our model — it will see us little further on any longer road. The fullest appreciation possible is the high tribute we must offer to greatness, and to make it worthy of its office we must surely know where we are with it. In greatness as much as in mediocrity the man is, under examination, *one*, and the elements of character melt into each other. The genius is a part of the mind, and the mind a part of the behaviour; so that, for the attitude of inquiry, without which appreciation means nothing, where does one of these provinces end and the other begin? We may take the genius first or the behaviour first, but we inevitably proceed from the one to the other; we inevitably encamp, as it were, on the high central table-land that they have in common. How are we to arrive at a relation with the object to be penetrated if we are thus forever met by a locked door flanked with a sentinel who merely invites us to take it for edifying?

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We take it ourselves for attaching — which is the very essence of mysteries — and profess ourselves doomed forever to hang yearningly about it. An obscurity endured, in fine, one inch further, or one hour longer, than our necessity truly holds us to, strikes us but as an artificial spectre, a muffled object with waving arms, set up to keep appreciation down.

For it is never to be forgotten that we are here in presence of the human character the most magnificently endowed, in all time, with the sense of the life of man, and with the apparatus for recording it; so that of *him*, inevitably, it goes hardest of all with us to be told that we have nothing, or next to nothing, to do with the effect in him of this gift. If it does not satisfy us that the effect was to make him write King Lear and Othello, we are verily difficult to please: so it is, meanwhile, that the case for the obscurity is argued. That is sovereign, we reply, so far as it goes; but it tells us nothing of the effect on him of being *able* to write Lear and Othello. No scrap of testimony of what this may have been is offered us; it is the quarter in which our blankness is most blank, and in which we are yet most officiously put off. It is true of the poet in general — in nine examples out of ten — that his life is mainly inward, that its events and revolutions are his great impressions and deep vibrations, and that his “personality” is all pictured in the publication of his verse. Shakespeare, we essentially feel, is the tenth, is the millionth example; not the sleek bachelor of music, the sensitive harp set once for all in the window to catch the air, but the spirit in hungry

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quest of every possible experience and adventure of the spirit, and which, betimes, with the boldest of all intellectual movements, was to leap from the window into the street. We are in the street, as it were, for admiration and wonder, when the incarnation alights, and it is of no edification to shrug shoulders at the felt impulse (when made manifest) to follow, to pursue, all breathlessly to track it on its quickly-taken way. Such a quest of imaginative experience, we can only feel, has itself constituted one of the greatest observed adventures of mankind ; so that no point of the history of it, however far back seized, is premature for our fond attention. Half our connection with it is our desire to “assist” at it ; so how can we fail of curiosity and sympathy ? The answer to which is doubtless again that these impulses are very well, but that as the case stands they can move but in one channel. We are free to assist in the Plays themselves — to assist at whatever we like ; so long, that is, as, after the fashion I have noted, we rigidly limit our inductions from them. It is put to us once more that we can make no bricks without straw, and that, rage as we may against our barrier, it none the less stubbornly exists. Granted on behalf of the vaulting spirit all that we claim for it, it still, in the street, as we say — and in spite of the effect we see it as acrobatically producing there — absolutely defies pursuit. Beyond recovery, beyond curiosity, it was to lose itself in the crowd. The crowd, for that matter, the witnesses we must take as astonished and dazzled, has, though itself surviving but in a dozen or two dim, scarce articulate ghosts, been in-

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terrogated to the last man and the last distinguishable echo. This has practically elicited nothing — nothing, that is, of a nature to gratify the indiscreetly, the morbidly inquisitive; since we find ourselves not rarely reminded that morbidity may easily become a vice. *He* was notoriously not morbid; he stuck to his business — save when he so strangely gave it up; wherefore his own common sense about things in general is a model for the tone he should properly inspire. “You speak of his career as a transcendent ‘adventure,’ as *the* conspicuously transcendent adventure — even to the sight of his contemporaries — of the mind of man; but no glimmer of any such story, of any such figure or ‘presence,’ to use your ambiguous word, as you desire to read into the situation, can be discerned in any quarter. So what is it you propose we should do? What evidence do you suggest that, with this absence of material, we should put together? We have what we have; we are not concerned with what we have not.”

In some such terms as that, one makes out, does the best attainable “appreciation” appear to invite us to let our great personage, the mighty adventurer, slink past. He slunk past in life: that was good enough for him, the contention appears to be. Why therefore should he not slink past in immortality? One’s reply can indeed only be that he evidently must; yet I profess that, even while saying so, our poor point, for which *The Tempest* once more gives occasion, strikes me as still, as always, in its desperate way, worth the making. The question,

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I hold, will eternally interest the student of letters and of the human understanding, and the envied privilege of our play in particular will be always to keep it before him. *How* did the faculty so radiant there contrive, in such perfection, the arrest of its divine flight? By what inscrutable process was the extinguisher applied and, when once applied, kept in its place to the end? What became of the checked torrent, as a latent, bewildered presence and energy, in the life across which the dam was constructed? What other mills did it set itself turning, or what contiguous country did it—rather indeed did it *not*, in default of these—inevitably ravage? We are referred, for an account of the matter, to recorded circumstances which are only not supremely vulgar because they are supremely dim and few; in which character they but mock, and as if all consciously, as I have said, at our unrest. The one at all large indication they give is that our hero may have died—since he died so soon—of his unnatural effort. Their quality, however, redeems them a little by having for its effect that they throw us back on the work itself with a rebellious renewal of appetite and yearning. The secret that baffles us being the secret of the Man, we know, as I have granted, that we shall never touch the Man *directly* in the Artist. We stake our hopes thus on indirectness, which may contain possibilities; we take that very truth for our counsel of despair, try to look at it as helpful for the Criticism of the future. That of the past has been too often infantile; one has asked one's self how it *could*, on such lines, get at him. The figured tapestry, the long

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arras that hides him, is always there, with its immensity of surface and its proportionate underside. May it not then be but a question, for the fulness of time, of the finer weapon, the sharper point, the stronger arm, the more extended lunge?

HENRY JAMES.

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

ALONSO, King of Naples.

SEBASTIAN, his brother.

PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.

FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.

GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, } Lords.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.

TRINCULO, a Jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.

Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.

IRIS, }
CERES, } presented by Spirits.
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE — *A ship at sea : an uninhabited island*

¹ *The Tempest* was first published in the First Folio of 1623, and is the opening play of that volume. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes, and the stage directions are exceptionally full. At the close of the piece "The Scene" is described as "an un-inhabited island," and a list of the dramatis personæ is given under the heading "Names of the Actors."



ACT FIRST — SCENE I

ON A SHIP AT SEA: A TEMPESTUOUS NOISE OF
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING HEARD

MASTER *Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain*



BOATSWAIN!

BOATS. Here, master : what cheer ?

MAST. Good, speak to the mariners : fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground : bestir, bestir.

Enter Mariners [*Exit.*]

BOATS. Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare ! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others

ALON. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men.

BOATS. I pray now, keep below. 10

ANT. Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATS. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour:
keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GON. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these
roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble
us not.

GON. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATS. None that I more love than myself. You are
a counsellor; if you can command these elements to²⁰
silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not
hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot,
give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself
ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so
hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.*]

GON. I have great comfort from this fellow: me-
thinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his com-
plexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to
his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for
our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be³⁰
hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*]

3 *yarely*] briskly, readily; an exclamation common among sailors. The
form "yare" is found in lines 6 and 32, *infra*. The word appears as
an adjective, V, i, 222-224, *infra*: "our ship . . . Is tight and yare."

7 *Blow . . . room enough*] The boatswain addresses the storm. His
anxiety is about the sea room at his disposal rather than about the
force of the gale.

14 *good*] my good fellow, as in line 18, *infra*.

Re-enter Boatswain

BOATS. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEB. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATS. Work you, then. 40

ANT. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

BOATS. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

33 *main-course*] mainsail, the largest and lowest sail of all on the ship.

The boatswain orders the mainsail to be set, in order to see whether the vessel will thereby keep closer to the wind and drift less.

43 *for drowning*] against drowning.

46 *set her two courses*] set the foresail as well as the mainsail; the foresail was another low and large sail of the ship, although of smaller size than the mainsail.

Enter Mariners wet

MARINERS. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOATS. What, must our mouths be cold?

GON. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist
them, 50

For our case is as theirs.

SEB. I'm out of patience.

ANT. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal, — would thou mightst lie
drowning

The washing of ten tides!

GON. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him.

[*A confused noise within: "Mercy on us!"* —

"We split, we split!" — "Farewell my wife and chil-
dren!" —

"Farewell, brother!" — "We split, we split, we split!"] 60

ANT. Let's all sink with the king.

SEB. Let's take leave of him. [*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*]

49 *must our mouths be cold?*] must we die? Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, II, ii, 17: "Would I had been *cold i' the mouth* before this day."

54 *washing of ten tides*] a grotesque reference to the punishment allotted at the time to pirates and sea robbers, to be hanged at low water, and to be left till *three* tides had washed over them.

56 *glut*] swallow. Cf. Milton, *P. L.*, X, 633: "*glutted* [*i. e.*, swallowed] offal."

57-59 "*Mercy on us!*" . . . *we split!*] Capell first arranged these broken speeches so as to make them represent the confused noise within. They can form no part of Gonzalo's speech.

GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—THE ISLAND

BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

MIR. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would 10
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

PROS.

Be collected:

63 *long heath, brown furze*] Thus the First Folio, save that *firrs* is read for *furze*. Hanmer substituted *ling, heath, broom, furze*. But "long heath" is a recognised botanical term, and "broom" and "furze" indicate precisely the same plant. No violent change in the Folio text is necessary.

13 *The fraughting souls*] The souls forming the "fraught" or "freight."

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There 's no harm done.

MIR. O, woe the day!

PROS. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20
And thy no greater father.

MIR. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROS. 'T is time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. — So:

[Lays down his mantle.

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul, 30
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down;
For thou must now know farther.

19 *more better*] a double comparative; cf. line 439, *infra*: “*more braver* daughter.”

28 *provision*] deliberate exercise of prevision.

29 *no soul*] The sentence is unfinished. The participle “lost” is implied.

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

MIR. Sir, are not you my father?

PROS. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.

MIR. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence? 60
Or blessed was 't we did?

PROS. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly help hither.

MIR. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

PROS. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio, —
I pray thee, mark me, — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put 70
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed

65 *from*] away from, out of.

66 *seq.*] The construction of this and the following speech is irregular.
Several sentences are left unfinished, with parentheses that bear the
main burden of the theme. But the meaning is quite intelligible.

70 *as at that time*] at that very time; "as" merely emphasises "that;"
cf. "then as," "when as."

71 *the signories*] the dukedoms or principalities of Northern Italy.

72 *the prime duke*] holding the leading place among dukes.

In dignity, and for the liberal arts
 Without a parallel; those being all my study,
 The government I cast upon my brother,
 And to my state grew stranger, being transported
 And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
 Dost thou attend me?

MIR. Sir, most heedfully.

PROS. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
 How to deny them, who to advance, and who 80
 To trash for over-topping, new created
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
 Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
 To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

MIR. O, good sir, I do.

PROS. I pray thee, mark me.
 I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated 90
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind
 With that which, but by being so retired,
 O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,

81 *To trash for over-topping*] To restrain those who were inclined to be too assertive or forward. "To trash" was a hunting term for checking the pace of a hound; "over-topping" is a gardening term for a too luxuriant growth.

90 *closeness*] seclusion.

91-92 *With that . . . rate*] With that (study) which, except for the disadvantage that it withdrew me from affairs, exceeded in value any reputation coming from the people, all vulgar popularity.

Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood in its contrary, as great
 As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact, like one
 Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
 And executing the outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative: — hence his ambition growing, —
 Dost thou hear?

MIR. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROS. To have no screen between this part he play'd

97 *sans*] the French preposition for “without,” which was very common in English from the fourteenth century. It was a favourite usage with Shakespeare.

100–102 *Who . . . own lie*] The construction here is confused, but the meaning is quite plain, if “by telling of it” be interpreted “by telling of ‘his own lie’” (cf. line 102). The constant repetition of the lie causes his memory to fail, and him to attach such credit to it as to convert it into truth. Of the many suggested changes in the text none is quite satisfactory. Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII*, 1622 (p. 120), writes similarly of Perkin Warbeck, who claimed to be the Duke of York: “Nay himselfe, with long and continuall counterfeiting, and with oft telling a *Lye*, was turned by habite almost in to the thinge hee seemed to be, and from a *Lyar* to a *Belieuer*.”

103 *He . . . substitution*] An Alexandrine, with six accents.

107–109 *To have . . . Milan*] To remove everything that lay between the mere rôle of Duke and the Duke’s own being, between the shadow and the substance of the Duke’s authority, he must needs be actual Duke, Duke without restriction.

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
 Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties 110
 He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
 So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd, — alas, poor Milan! —
 To most ignoble stooping.

MIR. O the heavens!

PROS. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
 If this might be a brother.

MIR. I should sin
 To think but nobly of my grandmother:
 Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROS. Now the condition. 120
 This King of Naples, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
 Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
 With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight
 Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness, 130
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
 Me and thy crying self.

112 *dry*] thirsty, eager.

123 *in lieu o' the premises*] in exchange for the conditions or stipulations.

MIR. Alack, for pity!
 I, not remembering how I cried out then,
 Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
 That wrings mine eyes to 't.

PROS. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business
 Which now 's upon 's; without the which, this story
 Were most impertinent.

MIR. Wherefore did they not
 That hour destroy us?

PROS. Well demanded, wench:
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not, ¹⁴⁰
 So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
 A mark so bloody on the business; but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
 A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
 To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
 To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again, 150
 Did us but loving wrong.

MIR. Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you!

134 *a hint*] The word here seems to mean "a theme," as in II, i, 3, *infra*:
 "Our *hint* of woe."

144 *In few*] In few words, in short.

146 *butt*] barrel or tub; the word is contemptuously applied to an unsea-
 worthy boat.

PROS. O, a cherubin
 Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
 Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up
 Against what should ensue.

MIR. How came we ashore?

PROS. By Providence divine.
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that 160
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity, who being then appointed
 Master of this design, did give us, with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
 Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
 Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
 From mine own library with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

MIR. Would I might
 But ever see that man!

PROS. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.* 170
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
 Here in this island we arrived; and here
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

155 *deck'd*] sprinkled; doubtless a variant of the North Country provincialism "deg," which means "sprinkle with water."

157 *undergoing stomach*] enduring courage.

169 *Now I arise*] The Folios supply no stage direction. Dyce first suggested the one adopted here. Prospero probably sits at Miranda's side, till this speech. He stands, on nearing the climax of his story, to put on his magician's robe.

Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIR. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray
you, sir,
For still 't is beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

PROS. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience 180
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL

ARI. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly, 190
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

173 *princess'*] The First Folio reads *Princesse*. Dyce suggested the reading of the present text, where the inverted comma is intended to mark the elision of the plural termination, *es*. Others adopt *princes*, "prince" being currently used for "princess."

181 *my zenith*] height of my fortune; an astrological term.

On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

PROS. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARI. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

200

PROS. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

ARI. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd

193 *all his quality*] all his profession, all his confederates.

194 *to point*] at every point, in every detail; like the French *à point*.

196 *the beak*] the prow.

197 *the waist*] the midship, the space between the quarterdeck and the forecabin.

198 *I flamed amazement*] Many sailors of Shakespeare's day reported such a phenomenon as is here described. The mysterious flame, which was held to presage a wreck, was commonly called "St. Elmo's fire;" it was doubtless due to electrical disturbances of the air.

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210
 Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
 Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring, — then like reeds, not hair, —
 Was the first man that leap'd; cried, " Hell is empty,
 And all the devils are here."

PROS. Why, that's my spirit!
 But was not this nigh shore?

ARI. Close by, my master.

PROS. But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARI. Not a hair perish'd;
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
 In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. 220
 The king's son have I landed by himself;
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

PROS. Of the king's ship,
 The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
 And all the rest o' the fleet.

ARI. Safely in harbour
 Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:

213 *up-staring*] standing on end.

218 *sustaining garments*] garments that bore them up.

224 *in this sad knot*] folded thus; folded arms was commonly regarded as a sign of melancholy.

229 *still-vex'd Bermoothes*] the island of Bermudas. Originally sighted and named by the Spanish seaman Juan de Bermudez in 1515,

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
 Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
 Bound sadly home for Naples;
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
 And his great person perish.

PROS. Ariel, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
 What is the time o' the day?

ARI. Past the mid season.

PROS. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and
 now

240

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

ARI. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

PROS. How now? moody?
 What is't thou canst demand?

the island was rediscovered by English adventurers from Virginia in 1609. It is distinguished by a very rocky coast, round which the sea roars almost perpetually. The spelling "Bermoothes" represents the Spanish pronunciation of the name Bermudas.

234 *flote*] wave, sea; from the French word *flot*.

240 *At least two glasses*] Shakespeare would seem to mean by "two glasses" two hours (after noon). Again, at V, i, 186 and 223, *infra*, three hours are distinctly described as "three glasses." Shakespeare obviously regarded seamen's sand-glasses for measuring time as hourglasses. In point of fact, they were half-hour glasses.

242 *give me pains*] impose tasks on me.

ARI. My liberty.

PROS. Before the time be out? no more!

ARI. I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

PROS. Dost thou forget 250
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARI. No.

PROS. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the
ooze

Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARI. I do not, sir.

PROS. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou for-
got

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARI. No, sir.

PROS. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak;
tell me. 260

ARI. Sir, in Argier.

PROS. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible

252 *the ooze*] the bottom.

To enter human hearing, from Argier,
 Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
 They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARI. Ay, sir.

PROS. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with
 child,

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, 270
 As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
 By help of her more potent ministers,
 And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine; within which rift
 Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years; within which space she died,
 And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans 280
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island —
 Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckled whelp hag-born — not honour'd with
 A human shape.

ARI. Yes, Caliban her son.

PROS. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st

265 *Argier*] The old form of "Algiers."

266-267 *for one thing . . . life*] the reference is to the witch's pregnancy, as Prospero explains immediately in the succeeding speech.

269 *blue-eyed*] with blue-ish rings round the eye. Cf. *As You Like It*, III, ii, 346: "a *blue eye* and sunken."

281 *As fast as mill-wheels strike*] As often and as loudly as wheels of windmills make their clattering revolutions.

What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
 Could not again undo: it was mine art,
 When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine, and let thee out.

ARI. I thank thee, master.

PROS. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARI. Pardon, master:
 I will be correspondent to command,
 And do my spiriting gently.

PROS. Do so; and after two days
 I will discharge thee.

ARI. That's my noble master!
 What shall I do? say what; what shall I do? 300

PROS. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea:
 Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
 To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
 And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
 Awake!

MIR. The strangeness of your story put
 Heaviness in me.

PROS. Shake it off. Come on;

297 *correspondent*] amenable.

We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIR. 'T is a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

PROS. But, as 't is, 310
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

CAL. [*within*] There 's wood enough within.

PROS. Come forth, I say! there 's other business for
thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

ARI. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

PROS. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

Enter CALIBAN

CAL. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen

311 *miss*] do without. Cf. *Sonnet cxxii*, 8: "thy record never can be
missed."

316 *thou tortoise*] The word suggests the slow gait and unwieldy form of
Caliban.

when?] an exclamation of impatience.

317 *quaint*] ingenious.

321 *wicked*] baneful.

Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

PROS. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CAL. I must eat my dinner. 330
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me; wouldst
give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,

323 *south-west*] Of all winds of the south Shakespeare speaks disparagingly. Cf. *Cor.*, I, iv, 30: "All the contagion of the *south* light on you," and *Cymb.*, II, iii, 131, "The *south-fog* rot him!"

326-328 *urchins . . . exercise on thee*] This punctuation is Theobald's. In the Folios there is only a single comma in line 327, and it follows *night*. The meaning seems to be: "goblins in the shape of hedgehogs shall, during that desolate period of the night when they are permitted to work, practise all their torments on thee." An ingenious emendation makes the lines run: *Shall forth at vast of night, that they may work All exercise on thee*. For *urchins*, [*i e.*, hedge-hogs] Cf. II, ii, 5, *infra*, "*urchin* shows."

334 *Water with berries in 't*] It is doubtful if this be a premature notice of coffee. The reference seems to be to the berries of the cedar trees, out of which, according to Strachey's *True Repertory of the Wracke . . . of the Bermudas* (1610), the shipwrecked mariners made "a kind of pleasant drink."

CAL. You taught me language; and my profit
on 't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

PROS. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

370

CAL. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

PROS. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*]

364 *The red plague*] The pestilence which was distinguished by red sores.

369 *old cramps*] cramps incident to the aged. Cf. IV, i, 259, *infra*, *aged cramps*.

370 *aches*] Here the word is a dissyllable, and pronounced soft, like the letter "aitch." But in III, iii, 2, *infra*, "my old bones *ache*," "ache" is pronounced hard.

373 *Setebos*] Shakespeare seems to have found this name in Eden's *History of Travaile* (1577). Eden translates Pigafetta's account of Magellan's famous voyage through the straits (called after him) in South America. Pigafetta states that the Patagonians, who inhabited the northern shore of Magellan's Straits, appealed, when in danger, to "Setebos, that is to say, the great devil," and that "the greatest of these devils [in Patagonian worship] is called in their language, Setebos."

Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing*; FERDINAND
following

ARIEL's *song*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear. 380

Hark, hark!

Burthen [dispersedly]. Bow-wow.

ARI. The watch-dogs bark:

Burthen [dispersedly]. Bow-wow.

ARI. Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FER. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th'
earth?

It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck, 390

377-378 *Courtsied . . . whist*] When you have courtsied and kissed the wild waves into silence. Cf. Milton, *Hymn on the Nativity*, lines 64-65: "The winds with wonder whist, Smoothly the waters kissed."

381-382 *Hark, hark! . . . Bow-wow*] Capell made the rearrangement of the lines which is here adopted. The First Folio inserts as a stage direction "Burthen dispersedly," at the extreme end of line 380, but fails to distinguish the words of the "burthen" from those of the song.

386 *Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow*] This line has been sometimes printed as a stage direction, a change worth considering.

This music crept by me upon the waters,
 Allaying both their fury and my passion
 With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather. But 't is gone.
 No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

400

Burthen: Ding-dong.

ARI. Hark! now I hear them, — Ding-dong, bell.

FER. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owes: — I hear it now above me.

PROS. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
 And say what thou seest yond.

396-404 *Full fathom . . . Ding-dong, bell*] This song is printed with the music in Wilson's *Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads* (Oxford, 1660). The music is there assigned to R. Johnson, a well-known musical composer of Shakespeare's day. Cf. Ariel's song 'Where the bee sucks,' V, i, 88-94, *infra*.

408 *The fringed curtains of thine eye advance*] "Advance" means here "raise" or "lift," as in IV, i, 177, *infra*, "advanced their eyelids." For the whole line cf. *Pericles*, III, ii, 104-106: "Her *eyelids* . . . Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold."

PROS. How? the best? 430
 What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

FER. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
 To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
 And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
 Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
 The king my father wreck'd.

MIR. Alack, for mercy!

FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
 And his brave son being twain.

PROS. [Aside] The Duke of Milan
 And his more braver daughter could control thee,
 If now 't were fit to do 't. At the first sight 440
 They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
 I'll set thee free for this. [To Fer.] A word, good sir;
 I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

MIR. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
 Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
 That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
 To be inclined my way!

FER. O, if a virgin,

432 *single*] A quibbling use of the epithet in the double sense of "one and the same" and "solitary" or "companionless."

438 *his brave son*] no other reference is made to any son of the Duke Antonio of Milan. This reference is probably a survival from the unknown story whence Shakespeare borrowed his plot.

439 *control*] confute.

441 *changed eyes*] fallen in love.

443 *done yourself some wrong*] made a serious mistake, done an injury to your reputation.

And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

PROS. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift
business 450

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more; I
charge thee

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

FER. No, as I am a man.

MIR. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

PROS. Follow me. 460
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FER. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

MIR. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

468 *He's gentle . . . fearful*] He's of gentle birth, and not formidable.

PROS. What! I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward; 471
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

MIR. Beseech you, father.

PROS. Hence! hang not on my garments.

MIR. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

PROS. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban, 480
And they to him are angels.

MIR. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

PROS. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

FER. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

469 *My foot my tutor?*] A proverbial phrase meaning "Shall an inferior object exercise authority over me?"

471 *come from thy ward*] give up that posture of defence (which does not alarm me).

484 *nerves*] sinews.

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day 490
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROS. [Aside] It works. [To Fer.] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To Fer.] Follow me.
[To Ari.] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIR. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

PROS. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARI. To the syllable. 500

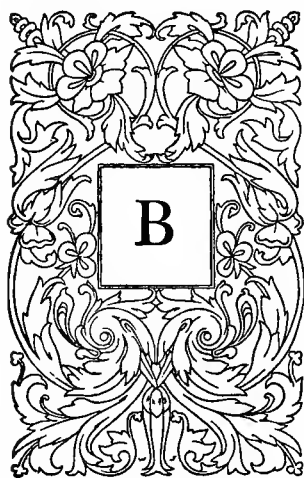
PROS. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [Exeunt.]



ACT SECOND — SCENE I
ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, and others*

GONZALO



BESEECH YOU, SIR, BE
merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our
escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our
hint of woe
Is common; every day, some
sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,
and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe;
but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in
millions

Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

3 *hint*] theme. Cf. I, ii, 134, *supra*. and note.

5 *merchant*] merchant-vessel.

ALON. Prithee, peace.

SEB. He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10

ANT. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEB. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by
and by it will strike.

GON. Sir, —

SEB. One: tell.

GON. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer —

SEB. A dollar.

GON. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken
truer than you purposed. 20

SEB. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

GON. Therefore, my lord, —

ANT. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALON. I prithee, spare.

GON. Well, I have done: but yet, —

SEB. He will be talking.

ANT. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first
begins to crow?

SEB. The old cock.

11 *The visitor . . . so*] Gonzalo is likened to one who visits the sick.
15 *tell*] count.

18 *A dollar*] Sebastian affects to take "entertainer" (line 17) in the sense
of "innkeeper," to whom dollars or coins "come" naturally. Gon-
zalo in reply punningly mistakes *dollar*, the coin, for *dolour*, grief.
For the same pun cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, I, ii, 48, and *Lear*, II, iv, 53.

27 *Which, of he or Adrian*] Which of the two, he or Adrian? Such a
construction, though obsolete now, is not uncommon in Elizabethan
English.

ANT. The cockerel.

30

SEB. Done. The wager?

ANT. A laughter.

SEB. A match!

ADR. Though this island seem to be desert, —

SEB. Ha, ha, ha! — So, you 're paid.

ADR. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

SEB. Yet, —

ADR. Yet, —

ANT. He could not miss 't.

ADR. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate ⁴⁰
temperance.

ANT. Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEB. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

ADR. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEB. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANT. Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.

GON. Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANT. True; save means to live.

SEB. Of that there 's none, or little.

GON. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green! ⁵⁰

ANT. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

32-35 *A laughter . . . paid*] Laughter is the wager. The one who crows or speaks first wins the bet, and the loser is to pay with a laugh. Adrian speaks first; Sebastian loses the wager and pays his adversary with "Ha, ha, ha!"

39 *He could not miss 't*] He could not miss the word "yet."

41 *temperance*] temperature. In the next line the word is used in its more ordinary sense of one of the cardinal virtues; it was a favourite name of girls in Puritan circles.

50 *lush*] succulent, juicy, luxuriant.

SEB. With an eye of green in 't.

ANT. He misses not much.

SEB. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GON. But the rarity of it is, — which is indeed almost beyond credit, —

SEB. As many vouched rarities are.

GON. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water. 60

ANT. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

SEB. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GON. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEB. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADR. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen. 70

GON. Not since widow Dido's time.

ANT. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

SEB. What if he had said "widower Æneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!

ADR. "Widow Dido" said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

52 *an eye of green*] a shade or tinge of green.

70 *to their queen*] for their queen.

GON. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADR. Carthage?

GON. I assure you, Carthage.

80

ANT. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEB. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

ANT. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEB. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

ANT. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

GON. Ay.

ANT. Why, in good time.

GON. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem⁹⁰ now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANT. And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEB. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANT. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

GON. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANT. That sort was well fished for.

81 *the miraculous harp*] The reference is probably to the music of Apollo's lyre, which, according to Ovid's *Heroides*, XVI, 179, miraculously called into being the walls and towers of Troy. Ovid also, in *Metamorphoses*, VI, 178, alludes to Amphion's creation of the walls of Thebes by means of his lyre. But the context suggests more closely the story of Apollo's magic music.

97 *in a sort*] comparatively. *Sort* in line 98 hardly seems to mean more than "qualification," though there may be a quibble on the word's meaning of "lot" or "chance." *Well fished for* means that Gonzalo's qualifying phrase "in a sort" was long in coming (to land).

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALON. You cram these words into mine ears
against 100

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRAN. Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted 110
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALON. No, no, he's gone.

SEB. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;

100-101 *against The stomach of my sense*] without my wishing to hear them, contrary to the appetite of my feelings.

103 *in my rate*] in my reckoning or opinion.

114 *his wave-worn basis*] the wave-worn base or ground of the shore; "his" is the common form of "its."

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, 120
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

ALON. Prithee, peace.

SEB. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
 By all of us; and the fair soul herself
 Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
 Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your
 son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
 Mo widows in them of this business' making
 Than we bring men to comfort them:
 The fault's your own.

ALON. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

GON. My lord Sebastian, 130
 The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
 And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
 When you should bring the plaster.

SEB. Very well.

ANT. And most chirurgeonly.

120-121 *your eye, Who hath cause . . . on't*] The antecedent to "who" is probably "she" of the previous line. The meaning is that "the princess hath cause to grieve in tears over her banishment."

124-125 *Weigh'd . . . bow*] Thus the Folios. The meaning is: "Hesitated or deliberated between reluctance and obedience as to which way the balance should incline, as to what decision she should take." The subject of "should bow" is omitted; "it," *i. e.*, the balancing of Claribell's mind, is understood. Capell proposed to read *she'd* [*i. e.*, "she would"] for *should*, thereby greatly simplifying the original reading.

129 *dear'st*] greatest, bitterest. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, ii, 182, "my *dearest* foe."

134 *chirurgeonly*] surgeon-like.

GON. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

SEB. Foul weather?

ANT. Very foul.

GON. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord, —

ANT. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

SEB. Or docks, or mallows.

GON. And were the king on 't, what would I do?

SEB. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine. 140

GON. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty; —

SEB. Yet he would be king on 't. 150

ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
beginning.

137 *plantation*] colonisation. A "plantation" was also the ordinary word at the time for "a colony."

141-162 *I' the commonwealth . . . golden age*] These lines closely imitate two passages from Montaigne's *Essay on Cannibals*, in which he describes the imaginary ideal state of the native communities in newly discovered America. Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* was first published in 1603. But there is some ground for thinking that Shakespeare here followed the French original.

145 *succession*] tenure of property by inheritance.

GON. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEB. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANT. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves. 160

GON. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

SEB. 'Save his majesty!

ANT. Long live Gonzalo!

GON. And, — do you mark me, sir?

ALON. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

GON. I do well believe your highness; and did it to
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such
sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh
at nothing.

ANT. 'T was you we laughed at.

GON. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing
to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still. 170

ANT. What a blow was there given!

SEB. An it had not fallen flat-long.

GON. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would
lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in
it five weeks without changing.

155 *engine*] *sc.* of war.

157 *foison*] harvest. Cf. IV, i, 110, *infra*, “*foison* plenty,” and *Sonnet*
liii, 9, “*foison* of the year.”

172 *fallen flat-long*] hit with the flat of the sword (instead of with the edge).

Enter ARIEL (invisible) playing solemn music

SEB. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GON. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy? 180

ANT. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.]

ALON. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find they are inclined to do so.

SEB. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANT. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALON. Thank you. — Wondrous heavy.
[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]

SEB. What a strange drowsiness possesses them! 190

176 *bat-fowling*] catching birds by night, by suddenly lighting a fire about them, and then batting or cudgelling them as they endeavour to escape.

178-179 *I will not . . . weakly*] I will not risk my character for discretion by conduct so weak.

181 *Go sleep, and hear us*] *sc.* laugh. Gonzalo suggests in the previous line that laughter will send him to sleep. Antonio accepts the suggestion that laughter will keep him slumbering.

185 *omit the heavy offer of it*] neglect the offer of heavy sleep.

ANT. It is the quality o' the climate.

SEB. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

ANT. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? — O, what might? — No more: —
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee;
andMy strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEB. What, art thou waking? 200

ANT. Do you not hear me speak?

SEB. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

ANT. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

SEB. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.

ANT. I am more serious than my custom: you 210

198 *speaks thee*] proclaims thy destiny.

207-208 *wink'st Whiles thou art waking*] closest thine eyes whilst thou
art awake.

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

SEB. Well, I am standing water.

ANT. I'll teach you how to flow.

SEB. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANT. O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

SEB. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

220

ANT. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded, —

212 *Trebles thee o'er*] Makes thee thrice what thou now art.

standing water] neither flowing nor ebbing, passive. Cf. *Tw. Night*, I, v, 150: "t is with him in *standing water*."

216-217 *how, in stripping it, . . . invest it*] how, in stripping the purpose of obscurity, you invest it with the more approval.

217 *Ebbing men*] men whose fortunes are declining. Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, I, iv, 43: "the *ebb'd man*."

220 *The setting of thine eye*] The fixity, fixed expression. Cf. III, ii, 7-8: "thy eyes are almost set in thy head."

222 *throes . . . yield*] pains thee greatly to utter.

223 *weak remembrance*] feeble memory.

For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
 Professes to persuade, — the king his son 's alive,
 'T is as impossible that he 's undrown'd
 As he that sleeps here swims.

SEB. I have no hope

That he 's undrown'd.

ANT. O, out of that "no hope" 230

What great hope have you! no hope that way is
 Another way so high a hope that even
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
 But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
 That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEB. He 's gone.

ANT. Then, tell me,

Who 's the next heir of Naples?

SEB. Claribel.

ANT. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
 Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
 Can have no note, unless the sun were post, —
 The man i' the moon 's too slow, — till new-born chins 240
 Be rough and razorable; she that from whom

226-227 *only . . . persuade*] persuading is his only profession.

231-234 "no hope" . . . *discovery*] abandonment of hope of the prince's safety makes way, from another point of view, for so lofty a design that even ambition cannot reach a jot further, cannot but be doubtful of discovering anything beyond.

238 *Ten leagues beyond man's life*] A greater distance than man could travel in a lifetime.

241 *she that from whom*] Thus the Folios; the meaning is: "the very person in coming from whom." Rowe proposed to omit *that*. It is quite possible that "that" is repeated by a compositor's error from line 238, "she *that* from Naples."

ANT.

True:

And look how well my garments sit upon me;
 Much feater than before: my brother's servants
 Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEB. But, for your conscience.

ANT. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a kibe,
 'T would put me to my slipper: but I feel not
 This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they, 270
 And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
 No better than the earth he lies upon,
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
 Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
 They'll tell the clock to any business that 280
 We say befits the hour.

SEB.

Thy case, dear friend,

264 *feater*] more feately, gracefully. Cf. I, ii, 379, *supra*, "Foot it feately."

270-271 *candied . . . melt*] let them congeal and melt away, as congealed things must. Cf. *Tim. of Ath.*, IV, iii, 225: "Candied with ice."

273 *that's dead*] Farmer took these words to be a marginal note, which was not intended for admission into the text. They are redundant, save that they make plainer the words which precede them.

276 *perpetual wink*] eternal sleep of death.

279 *take suggestion*] succumb to temptation.

Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

ANT. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEB. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*]

Re-enter ARIEL invisible

ARI. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth, —
For else his project dies, — to keep them living. 290
[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

ANT. Then let us both be sudden.

GON. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! *[They wake.*

ALON. Why, how now? ho, awake! — why are you
drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

290 *to keep them living*] "Them" refers to Gonzalo and Alonso. Ariel
is half apostrophising Gonzalo and half talking to himself.

299 *are you drawn?*] are your swords drawn?

GON. What's the matter? 300

SEB. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALON. I heard nothing.

ANT. O, 't was a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALON. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GON. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd, 310
I saw their weapons drawn: — there was a noise,
That's verily. 'T is best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

ALON. Lead off this ground; and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

GON. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

ALON. Lead away.

ARI. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.]

312 *That's verily*] That's in truth, that's true. The adverb is used like an adjective. Pope needlessly substituted *That's verity*.

SCENE II—ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard

CAL. All the infections that the sun sucks up
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
 By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
 And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
 Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
 For every trifle are they set upon me;
 Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
 And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
 Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into madness.

10

Enter TRINCULO

LO, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
 For bringing wood in slowly. I 'll fall flat;
 Perchance he will not mind me.

3 *By inch-meal*] By inches, piecemeal. Cf. *Cymb.*, II, iv, 147: "limb-meal," limb-by-limb.

5 *urchin-shows*] goblins in the shape of hedgehogs. Cf. I, ii, 326, *supra*.

9 *mow*] make grimaces.

13 *wound*] twisted round, enwrapped.

TRIN. Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one,²⁰ looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there³⁰ makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again!

18-19 *bear off* . . . *at all*] bear the fury of the storm, and so keep it off me.

19-20 *storm* . . . *wind*] Cf. *M. Wives*, III, ii, 31: "A man may hear this shower *sing in the wind*," and note.

21 *bombard*] a large tankard or drinking vessel.

26 *Poor-John*] A coarse fish; the name is often applied to "hake," which was eaten salted and dried.

29 *make a man*] make a man's fortune.

32 *a dead Indian*] Several American Indians were brought home by explorers of the New World during Shakespeare's lifetime, and excited vast popular curiosity. The deaths of several of these visitors are recorded, and the body of one of them was probably exhibited to the public shortly before this play was performed.

my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand

STE. I shall no more to sea, to sea, 40
Here shall I die a-shore, —

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
well, here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

[*Sings.* The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch; 50
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

CAL. Do not torment me: — O!

STE. What 's the matter? Have we devils here? Do
you put tricks upon 's with salvages and men of Ind, ha?

37 *gaberdine*] a coarse outer cloak. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, iii, 107: "my Jewish *gaberdine*."

39 *dregs*] last drops.

44 *swabber*] the sailor whose business it was to "swab" or mop the decks.

56 *put tricks upon 's*] apparently a reference to the trickery practised by showmen of outlandish men or beasts.

salvages and men of Ind] Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, iii, 218: "rude and

I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give grounds; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils. 60

CAL. The spirit torments me:—O!

STE. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

CAL. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

STE. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly. 70

savage man of Inde." Both America and Asia were known indifferently as "Ind" or "India" in Shakespeare's day, though "West Indies" was a title more correctly borne by America, as "East Indies" was the juster name of Southern Asia. "A man of Ind" was the term frequently applied to an American Indian.

58-59 *a man . . . on four legs*] often said of a man on crutches.

67 *neat's-leather*] cowhide or calf's skin. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, I, ii, 124-125:

"And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd *neat*," and
Jul. Caes., I, i, 26: "As proper men as ever trod upon *neat's-leather*."

73-74 *I will not take too much for him*] an ironical way of saying "I will take all I can get."

CAL. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

STE. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again. 80

TRIN. I should know that voice: it should be — but he is drowned; and these are devils: — O defend me!

STE. Four legs and two voices, — a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come: — Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRIN. Stephano!

STE. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! ⁹⁰ This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

TRIN. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo, — be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo.

STE. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest

76 *trembling*] a recognised sign of demoniacal possession.

78 *cat*] Cf. the proverb "Good liquor will make a cat speak."

91-92 *I have no long spoon*] Cf. *Com. of Errors*, IV, iii, 58-59: "Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil," and note.

thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent
Trinculos? 99

TRIN. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.
But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou
art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me
under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the
storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano,
two Neapolitans scaped!

STE. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is
not constant.

CAL. [*Aside.*] These be fine things, an if they be not
sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him. 110

STE. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou
hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I
escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved
o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of
a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

CAL. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true sub-
ject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STE. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

TRIN. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim
like a duck, I'll be sworn. 120

STE. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim
like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

99 *the siege of this moon-calf*] the seat of this abortion (misshapen through
lunar influence).

106 *not constant*] unsteady.

121 *kiss the book*] Stephano puts the bottle to Trinculo's lips. Cf. line 132,
infra.

TRIN. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STE. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

CAL. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STE. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was. 129

CAL. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

STE. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

TRIN. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afraid of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CAL. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

TRIN. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he'll rob his bottle. 141

CAL. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

STE. Come on, then; down, and swear.

TRIN. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

STE. Come, kiss.

TRIN. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

131 *thy dog, and thy bush*] allusion to the superstition that the man in the moon has a dog and a thorn bush. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 134-135.
136 *Well drawn*] Heartily quaffed.

CAL. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee
berries; 150

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

TRIN. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder
of a poor drunkard!

CAL. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee 160

To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

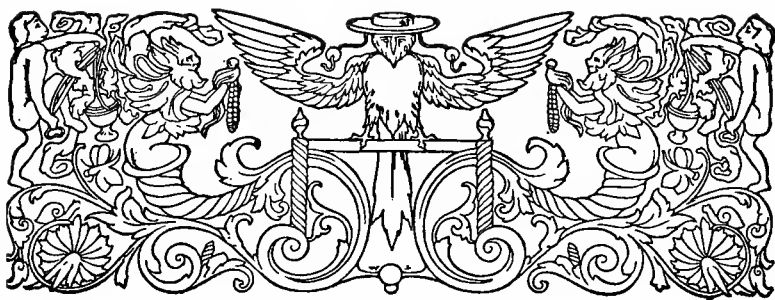
STE. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more
talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else

157 *crabs*] crab-apples.

158 *pig-nuts*] the country name of earth chestnuts, which grow underground. The plant is called by botanists *Bunium flexuosum* or *Conopodium denudatum*.

160 *marmoset*] a kind of ape or baboon now only indigenous to South America, but found according to medieval travellers in many parts of Asia.

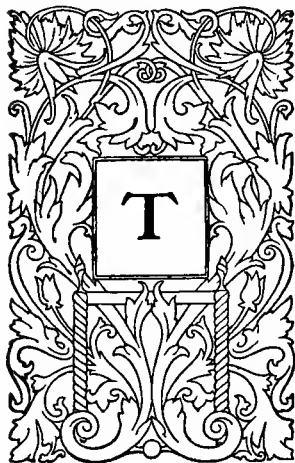
162 *scamels*] Thus the Folios; the meaning of the word is uncertain. In Norfolk the female bar-tailed godwit is occasionally called a "seamell," but this bird is not a rock-breeder. Theobald proposed to read *sea-mells* or *sea-malls*, a name doubtfully said to be applied to the "sea-mew" or "sea-gull." Others suggest *staniels*, *i. e.*, rock-breeding restrels or hawks. But in all probability *sea-owls* should be read. Strachey, in his *True Repertory of Virginia*, mentions his discovery of blind birds, which he called "sea-owls"; the text may well refer to these birds. Cf. Ariel's song: "There I couch when *owls* do cry" (V, i, 90, *infra*).



ACT THIRD — SCENE I
BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

FERDINAND



HERE BE SOME SPORTS
are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some
kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most
poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my
mean task
Would be as heavy to me as
odious, but
The mistress which I serve
quicken what's dead,
And makes my labours pleas-
ures: O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

10

1-2 *There be . . . sets off*] Some sports require labour, and delight in the sport is a set-off against the labour required.

FER. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIR. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it, 30
And yours it is against.

PROS. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

MIR. You look wearily.

FER. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with
me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you, —
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, —
What is your name?

MIR. Miranda. — O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

FER. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time 40
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,

46 *put it . . . foil*] frustrate it; "to *foil* a sword-thrust" is to turn it
aside, make it go astray.

So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

MIR. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen 50
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FER. I am, in my condition, 60
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so! — and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

MIR. Do you love me?

FER. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event, 70
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,

63 *The flesh-fly*] The flesh-eating fly, which putrefies.

69 *kind event*] favourable result.

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIR. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

PROS. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

FER. Wherefore weep you?

MIR. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FER. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

MIR. My husband, then?

FER. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIR. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell 90
Till half an hour hence.

72 *what else*] whatsoever else.

79 *to want*] by wanting.

84 *maid . . . fellow*] maidservant . . . companion of equal rank.

89 *As bondage . . . freedom*] As ever bondman was willing to accept
freedom.

FER. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*]

PROS. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II—ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

STE. Tell not me;— when the butt is out, we will
drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and
board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRIN. Servant-monster! the folly of this island!
They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three
of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state
totters.

STE. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy
eyes are almost set in thy head.

91 *A thousand thousand*] *sc.* farewells.

93 *withal*] with this (event); Theobald's correction of the Folio reading
with all.

2 *bear up, and board 'em*] nautical expressions: "put the helm up; go
after them and board them." Stephano means: "let us have an-
other go at the bottle."

8 *set*] fixed, as in a drunken stare. Cf. II, i, 220, *supra*, "The *setting* of
thine eye," and *Tw. Night*, V, i, 190-191: "his *eyes were set* at
eight i' the morning."

TRIN. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail. 10

STE. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRIN. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

STE. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRIN. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

STE. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest 20
a good moon-calf.

CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

TRIN. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRIN. "Lord," quoth he! That a monster should be 30
such a natural!

15 *standard*] standard bearer. In the next line "standard" is quibblingly used for a thing which stands without support, which Caliban in his drunken condition could not.

18 *go*] walk.

24-25 *in case to juggle*] just ready for hustling.

25 *deboshed*] Shakespeare's invariable spelling of "debauched."

CAL. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

STE. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, — the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

CAL. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STE. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible

CAL. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, ⁴⁰ a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARI. Thou liest.

CAL. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

STE. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRIN. Why, I said nothing.

STE. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

CAL. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, — for I know thou darest, But this thing dare not, —

50

STE. That's most certain.

CAL. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STE. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

CAL. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARI. Thou liest; thou canst not.

CAL. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch! ⁶⁰
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show
him

Where the quick freshes are.

STE. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt
the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn
my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

TRIN. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go far-
ther off.

STE. Didst thou not say he lied? 70

ARI. Thou liest.

STE. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*] As you
like this, give me the lie another time.

TRIN. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and
hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and
drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil
take your fingers!

CAL. Ha, ha, ha!

60 *pied ninny*] fool in variegated dress. Trinculo, as the king's jester,
wears motley.

patch] simpleton. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, II, v, 45: "The *patch* is
kind enough."

64 *quick freshes*] springs of fresh water.

67 *make a stock-fish of thee*] treat thee like dried cod which was well
beaten before it was cooked.

STE. Now, forward with your tale. — Prithee, stand farther off. 80

CAL. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

STE. Stand farther. — Come, proceed.

CAL. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not 90
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils, — for so he calls them, —
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

STE. Is it so brave a lass?

CAL. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, 100
And bring thee forth brave brood.

86 *paunch . . . stake*] put a stake through his paunch, impale him on a stake.

87 *wezand*] windpipe.

89 *sot*] used in the French sense of "fool," without any notion of drunkenness.

92 *utensils*] The accents here are on the first and third syllables.

STE. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen, — save our Graces! — and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRIN. Excellent.

STE. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CAL. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

STE. Ay, on mine honour. 110

ARI. This will I tell my master.

CAL. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

STE. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. — Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*]

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

CAL. That 's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

STE. What is this same? 120

TRIN. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

113 *troll*] sing glibly.

114 *while-ere*] no uncommon form of the more familiar "ere-while," i. e., a short time since.

118 *Thought is free*] A proverbial expression also quoted in *Tw. Night*, I, iii, 65.

121-122 *played by the picture of Nobody*] The picture of Nobody was a common sign for tradesmen's shops. A head was represented with

STE. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness:
if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

TRIN. O, forgive me my sins!

STE. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy
upon us!

CAL. Art thou afeard?

STE. No, monster, not I.

CAL. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, 130
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

STE. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I
shall have my music for nothing. 140

CAL. When Prospero is destroyed.

STE. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

TRIN. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and
after do our work.

STE. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could
see this taborer; he lays it on.

TRIN. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*]

legs and arms without any body. The shop of the Elizabethan
stationer John Trundle in the Barbican was "at the signe of
Nobody."

146 *this taborer*] this drummer. Ariel, according to the "stage direction,"
has been playing on a tabor (*i. e.*, a drum worn at the side) and a
pipe; see line 119, *supra*.

SCENE III—ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, and others*

GON. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

ALON. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go. 10

ANT. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he 's so out
of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

SEB. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANT. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

SEB. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more.

[*Solemn and strange music.*]

1 *By 'r lakin*] By our lady, by the Virgin Mary.

3 *forth-rights and meanders*] straight and winding paths.

5 *attach'd*] seized; used figuratively in its legal significance.

ALON. What harmony is this? — My good friends,
hark!

GON. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart

ALON. Give us kind keepers, heavens! — What were
these? 20

SEB. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

ANT. I 'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I 'll be sworn 't is true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GON. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders, —
For, certes, these are people of the island, — 30

21 *A living drollery*] A puppet show presented by living persons.

23 *one phoenix*] Cf. *As You Like It*, IV, iii, 17, and note. Here Shakespeare seems to have had in mind the passage in Lyly's *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 312): "For as there is but *one Phoenix* in the world, so there is but *one tree in Arabia* wherein she buyldeth." The faith in the myth was widespread.

29 *islanders*] The Second Folio's correction of the First Folio misprint, *Islands*.

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
 Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
 Our human generation you shall find
 Many, nay, almost any.

PROS. [Aside] Honest lord,
 Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
 Are worse than devils.

ALON. I cannot too much muse
 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, express-
 ing —
 Although they want the use of tongue — a kind
 Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROS. [Aside] Praise in departing.

FRAN. They vanish'd strangely.

SEB. No matter, since ⁴⁰
 They have left their viands behind; for we have
 stomachs. —
 Will 't please you taste of what is here?

ALON. Not I.

GON. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were
 boys,
 Who would believe that there were mountaineers
 Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
 at 'em

36 *muse*] wonder. Cf. *Macb.*, III, iv, 85: "Do not *muse* at me."

39 *Praise in departing*] A proverbial phrase: "reserve your praise for your departure," "wait to see how it turns out."

45 *Dew-lapp'd like bulls*] With pendulous skin at the throat, as in the case of bulls; a reference to sufferers from goitre, to which the inhabitants of mountainous districts are liable.

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
 Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
 Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
 Good warrant of.

ALON. I will stand to, and feed,
 Although my last: no matter, since I feel
 The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
 Stand to, and do as we.

50

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes

ARI. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny, —
 That hath to instrument this lower world
 And what is in 't, — the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
 Where man doth not inhabit, — you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
 And even with such-like valour men hang and drown

46-47 *men Whose heads . . . breasts*] Raleigh in his *Discovery of Guiana* (1595) reported that west of the Oronoko River was a nation of people "whose heads appeare not above their shoulders . . . they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders and their *mouthes in the middle of their breasts*" (Hakluyt's *Voyages*, ed. 1904, X, 406).

48 *putter-out of five for one*] Merchants were in the habit of accepting from those who embarked on long and venturesome voyages a sum of money, on the understanding that it should become their property if the vessel failed to return home, but should be restored fivefold if the ship came safely to port. The voyager thus wagered five to one on his chance of surviving the dangers of the voyage.

54 *to instrument*] for instrument.

Their proper selves. [Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.

You fools! I and my fellows 60
 Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
 And will not be uplifted. But remember, —
 For that 's my business to you, — that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
 Lingering perdition — worse than any death
 Can be at once — shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from, —
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80
 Upon your heads, — is nothing but heart-sorrow
 And a clear life ensuing.

65 *dowle*] a particle of down; the word is still used in provincial English dialects. It is sometimes spelt "dowlne."

79-82 *whose wraths . . . ensuing*] The subject of the relative "whose" is "the seas and shores" and "all the creatures" of line 74. The meaning is that delivery from their wraths can only come from heartfelt repentance and amended life hereafter.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table

PROS. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
 And these mine enemies are all knit up
 In their distractions: they now are in my power; 90
 And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
 Young Ferdinand, — whom they suppose is drown'd, —
 And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*]

GON. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
 In this strange stare?

ALON. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
 The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
 Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and 100
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
 And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

83 *figure*] rôle, assumed part. Cf. *Cymb.*, III, iii, 96.

86-87 *with good life . . . strange*] with presentation of their characters to the life, and rare attention to their several rôles.

96 *of it*] of my sin; "my trespass" of line 99, *infra*.

99 *bass*] Johnson's emendation of the Folio reading *base*. The meaning is that the thunder proclaimed my sin in bass notes.

SEB. But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er.

ANT. I 'll be thy second.

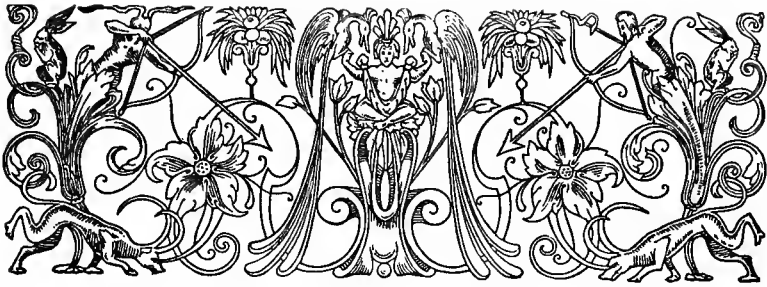
[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*]

GON. All three of them are desperate: their great
guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

ADR. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*]

105 *Like poison . . . after*] It was believed that poisons could be so
tempered as to operate a long time after their administration.

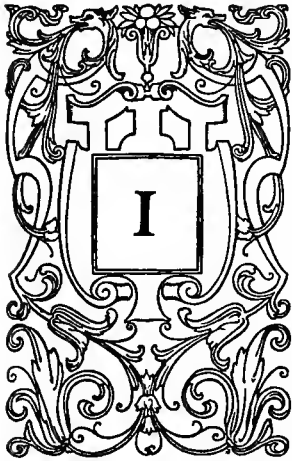
108 *ecstasy*] fit of madness, frenzy.



ACT FOURTH—SCENE I
BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

PROSPERO



IF I HAVE TOO AU-
sterely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes
amends; for I
Have given you here a third of
mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who
once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy
vexations
Were but my trials of thy love,
and thou
Hast strangely stood the test:
here, afore Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,

3 *a third*] Thus the Folios. The reading is not quite clear. Theobald substituted *a thread*, on the ground that Prospero has no logical pretext for calling Miranda *a third* of his life. But it may well be that

For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, 10
 And make it halt behind her

FER. I do believe it
 Against an oracle.

PROS. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
 Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
 Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew 20
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
 That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FER. As I hope

he regards his life as made up of three parts — himself, his realm, and his daughter. In V, i, 311, *infra*, he declares at the end of the play that every *third* thought shall be his grave, a statement that confirms the triplicity of his interests.

7 *strangely*] wonderfully.

9 *boast her off*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio reads *boast her of*, which has been interpreted as a careless transposition of *boast of her*. But "off" is often used adverbially as an intensive, meaning "to the best advantage." Cf. the common phrase "come off," [*i. e.*, turn out well].

13 *gift*] Rowe's correction of the erroneous Folio reading *quest*.

16 *sanctimonious*] sacred, without the ironical intention, which often attached to it in Shakespeare's day, and invariably attaches to it now.

18 *aspersion*] in the Latin sense of "sprinkling."

23 *As Hymen's lamps . . . you*] According as Hymen's lamps shall guide you. Only follow the light of Hymen's lamps.

For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
 With such love as 't is now, the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd, 30
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROS. Fairly spoke.
 Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.
 What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL

ARI. What would my potent master? here I am.

PROS. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
 Incite them to quick motion; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40
 Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

ARI. Presently?

PROS. Ay, with a twink.

26-27 *the strong'st suggestion . . . can*] the strongest temptation of which
 our worser genius is capable.

30 *Phœbus' steeds are founder'd*] the general meaning is that the sun is
 at a standstill. "Foundering" was a recognised disease in horses,
 which rendered all movement impossible.

37 *rabble*] the crew of meaner spirits.

41 *Some vanity*] Some illusion.

43 *with a twink*] in a twinkling.

ARI. Before you can say, "come," and "go,"
 And breathe twice, and cry, "so, so,"
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow.
 Do you love me, master? no?

PROS. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
 Till thou dost hear me call.

ARI. Well, I conceive. [Exit. 50]

PROS. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
 To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
 Or else, good night your vow!

FER. I warrant you, sir;
 The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

PROS. Well.
 Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
 Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
 No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [Soft music.]

Enter IRIS

IRIS. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas 60
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
 And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;

47 *with mop and mow*] with gibbering grimace.

57 *a corollary*] a surplus, more than is sufficient; this is the meaning assigned by Cotgrave to the French word *corolaire*.

61 *vetches*] Capell's correction of the Folio reading *fetches*, which gives the common provincial pronunciation of the word.

63 *stover*] coarse grass used for thatching. Cf. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 25: "To draw out sage and reed for thatch and *stover* fit."

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air; — the queen o' the sky,
 Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport: — her peacocks fly amain:
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

70

Enter CERES

CER. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;

- 64 *ponied and twilled*] Thus the Folios. The meaning is obscure. The line seems to describe the river-banks in winter or early spring before flowers adorn them, and when their brims or edges have been subjected to some agricultural operations in the way of ditching and banking which are indicated in the difficult words "ponied" and "twilled." "Pioned" may mean "dug out" or "raked with the spade." Cf. *Hamlet*, I, v, 163, "A worthy *pioner* [*i. e.*, digger]" and Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, II, x, 63: "painefull *pyonings* [*i. e.*, diggings]." "Twilled" might mean "hoed into ridges," like the lines on twilled cloth. The substitution of *peonied*, *i. e.*, overgrown with peonies or marsh marigolds, is in conflict with the succeeding line, which makes it clear that the banks were not in flower at the "poning" and "twilling" stage.
- 66 *chaste crowns*] The reference seems to be to the "lady-smocks all silver white" (*L. L. L.*, V, ii, 905), a common meadow plant with white flowers, which blossoms in "spongy [*i. e.*, rainy] April."
- broom-groves*] The reference is to a species of broom known to botanists. as *Spartium scoparium*, which grows to a considerable height.
- 68 *pole-clipt*] embraced or fenced about by poles.

Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 80
 My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth; — why hath thy queen
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate;
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the blest lovers.

CER. Tell me, heavenly bow,
 If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
 Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
 The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90
 I have forsworn.

IRIS. Of her society
 Be not afraid: I met her Deity
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
 Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
 Mars's hot minion is returned again;
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows, 100
 And be a boy right out.

81 *My bosky . . . down*] My wooded acres and bare downs.

85 *to estate*] to settle.

89 *dusky Dis*] The reference is to Pluto's rape of Proserpina, of which the story is told in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, V, 359–550. There is another allusion to the story in *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 116–118.

90 *scandal'd*] scandalous, disgraceful.

CER. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO

JUNO. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing:*

JUNO. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

CER. Earth's increase, foison plenty, 110
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FER. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

PROS. Spirits, which by mine art 120
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FER. Let me live here ever;

110 *foison plenty*] harvest in abundance. Cf. II, i, 157, *supra*: "all
foison, all abundance," and note.

114 *at the farthest*] at the latest, when the harvest is over.

119 *charmingly*] in magical fashion.

So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

PROS. Sweet, now, silence!

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land 130
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

PROS. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140

123 *So rare a wonder'd father*] a father able to perform such rare wonders.

128 *windring*] apparently "winding." Thus the Folios. Steevens substituted *wandring*.

130 *crisp*] with the water curled or rippled by the breeze.

138 *footing*] dance.

Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no
more!

FER. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIR. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROS. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:

150

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:

142 *avoid*] begone.

145 *in a moved sort*] in a troubled state.

154 *all which it inherit*] all the things which possess or occupy the globe.
Cf. *Matthew* v, 5: "For they shall *inherit* the earth."

156 *a rack*] a wreath of cloud, a bank of light cloud. Cf. Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*, Cent. ii, § 115: "the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below." "Rack" is philologically connected with "reek," *i. e.*, smoke. The suggested change *wreck* has nothing to commend it.

157 *made on*] still a colloquial usage for "made of."

158 *rounded*] rounded off, finished.

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity: 160
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
 And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

FER. MIR. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

PROS. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter ARIEL

ARI. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleasure?

PROS. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARI. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
 I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
 Lest I might anger thee.

PROS. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARI. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
 So full of valour that they smote the air 172
 For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
 Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns, 180

164 *with a thought*] quick as thought.

166 *meet with*] encounter, counteract.

167 *presented*] presented the part of.

176 *unback'd colts*] colts that never have been ridden.

177 *Advanced*] Raised. Cf. I, ii, 408, *supra*, and note.

180 *goss*] gorse. Similarly a waterfall in the English Lake Country is called indifferently both "force" and "foss."

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
 I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
 O'erstunk their feet.

PROS. This was well done, my bird.
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
 For stale to catch these thieves.

ARI. I go, I go. [Exit.

PROS. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
 And as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring.

190

Re-enter ARIEL, laden with glistering apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALIBAN,
 STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet

CAL. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
 not
 Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

186-187 *The trumpery . . . stale*] The gaudy apparel, which is to be used
 as "stale," *i. e.*, decoy or lure.

189 *Nurture . . . stick*] Education or training can never adhere to.

193 *line*] line tree or linden. Cf. V, i, 10, *infra*, "the *line-grove* which
 weather-fends your [*i. e.*, Prospero's] cell." In line 234, *infra*,
 Stephano addresses the tree as "mistress *line*," and puns on the word
 in the succeeding lines 235, 238, 242.

STE. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

TRIN. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

STE. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you, — 201

TRIN. Thou wert but a lost monster.

CAL. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRIN. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

STE. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRIN. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster. 211

STE. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CAL. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STE. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 220

TRIN. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!
look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

197 *played the Jack*] played the fool or knave. Cf. *Much Ado*, I, i, 157:
“*play the flouting Jack.*”

205 *hoodwink*] put out of sight.

221-222 *O King Stephano . . . wardrobe*] An allusion to the old popular

CAL. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

TRIN. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

STE. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRIN. Thy Grace shall have it.

CAL. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone, 230
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

STE. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

TRIN. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your Grace. 230

STE. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of

ballad called *Take thy Old Cloak about Thee*, of which a stanza concerning King Stephen's scanty wardrobe begins, "King Stephen was a worthy peer, His breeches cost him but a crown." The stanza about King Stephen is quoted in *Othello*, II, iii, 82-89. The whole ballad appears in Percy's *Reliques* (ed. 1876, Vol. I, pp. 195-198).

225 *frippery*] old clothes shop.

234 *Mistress line*] Addressed to the line or linden tree, on which the clothes are hung. Cf. 193, *supra*, and note. The word "line" is jestingly used at 235 for the equinoctial line, in crossing which the voyagers were often reported to suffer loss of hair, owing to fever or other violent distemper.

238 *line and level*] according to rule; a common phrase, which continues the quibbling on the word "line."

this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

TRIN. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CAL. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villanous low.

STE. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this. 251

TRIN. And this.

STE. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on

PROS. Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARL. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

PROS. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews

242-243 *pass of pate*] thrust of wit. "Pass" is a technical fencing time.

244 *lime*] bird lime, to which things stick.

247 *barnacles*] The shell-fish of that name were popularly reputed to develop into geese. The word was applied indifferently to both shell-fish and geese. Caliban uses it in the latter sense.

255 *Silver*] This name is also applied to a hound in *T. of Shrew*, Induction, I, 17.

258 *dry convulsions*] convulsions due to morbid dryness of the joints.

With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARI. Hark, they roar! 200

PROS. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

259 *aged cramps*] Cf. I, ii, 369, *old cramps*, cramps incident to the aged.

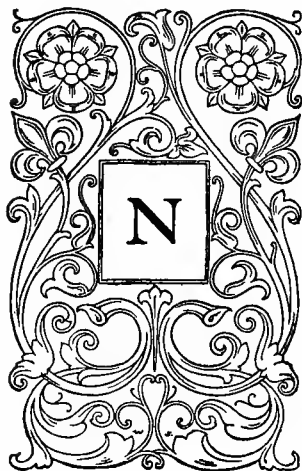
260 *cat o' mountain*] A term applied by contemporary authors both to
the leopard and the wild cat.



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I
BEFORE THE CELL OF PROSPERO

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL

PROSPERO



OW DOES MY PROJECT
gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits
obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.
How 's the day?

ARI. On the sixth hour; at
which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

PROS. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest.
Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's fol-
lowers?

ARI.

Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,

² *crack not*] have no flaw.

³ *Goes upright . . . carriage*] Walks upright with what he has to carry,
does not bend under his load.

Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
 In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell; 10
 They cannot budge till your release. The king,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
 Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo;"
 His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
 From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
 That if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender.

PROS. Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARI. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROS. And mine shall. 20

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
 Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
 Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
 quick,
 Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part: the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

10 *line-grove . . . weather-fends*] grove of lines or linden-trees which protects from the weather. Cf. IV, i, 193, *supra*, and note.

11 *your release*] release (of them) by you.

17 *eaves of reeds*] edge of a roof made of reeds.

23-24 *that relish . . . as they*] who have the same quick sensibility, are moved by the same passion as they.

Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel: 30
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

ARI. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

PROS. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
 groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid — 40
 Weak masters though ye be — I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory

33 *Ye elves of hills*] Shakespeare in this speech closely follows Golding's translation of Medea's invocation in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, VII, 197-219.

36 *demi-puppets*] dwarf-puppets, tiny elves. Cf. Prospero's reference to Ariel's "meaner fellows" (IV, i, 35, *supra*) and "weak masters" (line 41, *infra*).

37 *green sour ringlets*] ringlets of grass, commonly called "fairy rings," of which the colour is a deeper green than usual, and the taste is reputed to be sour.

40 *the solemn curfew*] the signal of the beginning of night.

41 *Weak masters*] Puny controllers of magical power. Cf. "demi-puppets" (line 36, *supra*).

Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50
 I here abjure; and, when I have required
 Some heavenly music, — which even now I do, —
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I 'll drown my book. [Solemn music.]

Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand, 60
 For you are spell-stopp'd.
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,

47 *spurs*] the longest roots of trees. Cf. *Cymb.*, IV, ii, 58–59: “grief and patience, *rooted* in him both, Mingle their *spurs* together,” and note.

51 *required*] asked for.

59–60 *brains* . . . *boil'd*] brains . . . overexcited, unbalanced. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, III, iii, 63: *boiled brains*, and note.

62 *Holy*] Just, good. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, V, i, 170: “You have a *holy* father.”

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces 70
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
 Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian, —
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong, —
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding 80
 Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

63 *sociable to . . . thine*] sympathetic with the feeling which thine eyes betray.

76 *remorse and nature*] pity and natural affection.

79-80 *Their understanding . . . swell*] Their consciousness (which had ebbed to the lowest point) is turning towards full tide.

81 *reasonable shore*] shore of reason.

ARIEL sings and helps to attire him

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

90

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROS. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain

Being awake, enforce them to this place,

100

And presently, I prithee.

ARI. I drink the air before me, and return

Or ere your pulse twice beat.

[*Exit.*]

GON. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us

Out of this fearful country!

PROS. Behold, sir king,

The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:

For more assurance that a living prince

Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;

88-94 *Where the bee sucks . . . hangs on the bough*] This song is printed with the music in Wilson's *Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads* (Oxford, 1660). The music is there assigned to R. Johnson, a well-known composer of Shakespeare's day. Cf. Ariel's song, "Full fathom five," I, ii, 396-404, *supra*.

92 *After summer*] In pursuit of summer.

And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome. 110

ALON. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave —
An if this be at all — a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.— But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROS. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

GON. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROS. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were
I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

112 *enchanted trifle*] trick of enchantment.

117 *An if this be at all*] If there be reality in all this.

124 *subtilties*] deceptions, or illusions. The word was specifically applied to devices in pastry and confectionery, a circumstance which explains Prospero's use of the word "taste."

128 *justify*] prove.

SEB. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

PROS. No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault, — all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

130

ALON. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost —
How sharp the point of this remembrance is! —
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROS. I am woe for 't, sir.

ALON. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

140

PROS. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

ALON. You the like loss!

PROS. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALON. A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish

150

145-146 *As great . . . loss*] As great to me as it is recent; and, to make
this bitter loss bearable, etc.

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

PROS. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely ¹⁶⁰
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed,

To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye ¹⁷⁰
As much as me my dukedom.

*Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing
at chess*

MIR. Sweet lord, you play me false.

FER. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

157 *Are natural breath*] Come from human beings.

MIR. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

ALON. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEB. A most high miracle!

FER. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [Kneels.]

ALON. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about! 180
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

MIR. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!

PROS. 'T is new to thee.

ALON. What is this maid with whom thou wast at
play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FER. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she 's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father 190
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,

174-175 *Yes, . . . fair play*] The meaning required is: "Should you win a stake of twenty kingdoms by cheating me at the game, I would call it fair play." "Wrangle" is employed in the unusual sense of "compete by unworthy means."

Of whom so often I have heard renown,
 But never saw before; of whom I have
 Received a second life; and second father
 This lady makes him to me.

ALON. I am hers:

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
 Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROS. There, sir, stop:

Let us not burthen our remembrances with
 A heaviness that 's gone.

GON. I have inly wept, 200

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
 And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
 For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
 Which brought us hither.

ALON. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

GON. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
 Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
 Beyond a common joy! and set it down
 With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
 Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
 Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
 In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
 When no man was his own.

ALON. [*to Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
 That doth not wish you joy!

GON. Be it so! Amen!

213 *When no man . . . own*] At a time when no one was in his senses.

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
 I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
 This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
 That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
 Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news? 220

BOATS. The best news is, that we have safely found
 Our king and company; the next, our ship —
 Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split —
 Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when
 We first put out to sea.

ARI. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
 Have I done since I went.

PROS. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricky spirit!

ALON. These are not natural events; they strengthen
 From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
 hither?

BOATS. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
 I 'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, 230
 And — how we know not — all clapp'd under hatches;
 Where, but even now, with strange and several
 noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
 And no diversity of sounds, all horrible,

223 *three glasses*] Shakespeare means "three hours." Cf. line 186, *supra*.

Seamen's sand-glasses really marked the half hours; cf. I, ii, 240, *supra*, and note.

224 *yare*] fit, ready. Cf. I, i, 3, *supra*, "fall to 't, *yarely*."

We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
 Capering to eye her: — on a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moping hither.

ARI. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was 't well done? 240

PROS. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou
 shalt be free.

ALON. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of: some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

PROS. Sir, my liege,
 Do not infest your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
 Which to you shall seem probable, of every
 These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful, 250
 And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither,
 spirit:

Set Caliban and his companions free;
 Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious
 sir?

There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads that you remember not.

237 *royal*] See note on *Merch. of Ven.*, III, ii, 241.

238 *Capering to eye her*] Skipping about at sight of her.

244 *conduct*] conductor, guide. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, V, iii, 116: "Come bitter *conduct*, come, unsavoury guide."

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel

STE. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. — Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

TRIN. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here 's a goodly sight. 260

CAL. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

SEB. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

ANT. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

PROS. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, 270
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil —
For he 's a bastard one — had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALON. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

271 *And deal . . . power*] And exercise the moon's own powers of control, while remaining outside the limits of her sovereignty.

SEB. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

ALON. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? — 280
How camest thou in this pickle?

TRIN. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
shall not fear fly-blowing.

SEB. Why, how now, Stephano!

STE. O, touch me not; — I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

PROS. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STE. I should have been a sore one, then.

ALON. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban.*

PROS. He is as disproportion'd in his manners 290
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CAL. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

PROS. Go to; away!

ALON. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

SEB. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*

279 *reeling ripe*] ripe for reeling (in drunkenness).

280 *gilded*] a slang term for "made drunk."

284 *shall not fear fly-blowing*] pickling was a preservative against "fly-blowing [*i. e.* putrefaction by flies]."

PROS. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train 300
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where 310
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALON. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PROS. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have 's mine own,
 Which is most faint: now, 't is true,
 I must be here confined by you,
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell;
 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands: 10
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please. Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
 And my ending is despair,
 Unless I be relieved by prayer,
 Which pierces so, that it assaults
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free. 20

10 *With the help . . . hands*] With your applause; noise was held to dissolve a spell.

18 *Mercy itself*] The Deity.

